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THE NATION

OCTOBER 17, 1966 35 cents

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NEWSPAPER NE

LETTERS

coincidence

Chamblee, Ga.

DEAR SIR: The article "The Campus Scare Campaign" by William Wingfield [*The Nation*, Sept. 12] contains a very serious factual error. I refer to Mr. Wingfield's reference to Young Americans for Freedom as "a Birch Society affiliate." . . . If Mr. Wingfield were as fond of research as he is of throwing mud, he would find that YAF has absolutely nothing to do with the John Birch Society.

Charles Flynn

Covina, Calif.

DEAR SIR: The California subcommittee on Un-American Activities specifically identifies the Young Americans for Freedom as a Birch front. Members of the YAF advisory board include John Rousselot, the Birch Society national public relations director; Dean Clarence Manion, member of the Birch Society National Council, and Edgar Hiestand, former Birch Congressman from California.

At one time, one of the top YAF officials in California was Robert Gaston, who calls himself a "Rousselot-Republican." In my home town, the Young Americans for Freedom hold their meetings in the Birch Society's local bookstore. I personally know several Birchers who also admit membership in the Young Americans for Freedom.

For a group that claims it has no connection with the John Birch Society, the Young Americans for Freedom seems to have more than its share of Birch leaders.

William Wingfield

no ban

Kalamazoo, Mich.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Wingfield discusses Loeffler's boast that students at Western Michigan defied their "leftist professors" by reading *None Dare Call It Treason*. . . . No teacher on Western's campus told students they could not read the book. None of my colleagues are naive enough to believe they can control what a student reads on his own, nor do they wish to. Only fear-peddler Loeffler who embraces totalitarian methods would impute them to others. . . .

Lynwood H. Bartley, Broadcasting Dept.
Western Reserve University

thorn of the Tribune

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: The anti-labor image painted by James G. Smart in "Death of the *Herald Tribune*" [*The Nation*, Sept. 26] will leave most liberal non-Tribune readers with the impression that its demise is small loss. The opposite, of course, is the truth. . . . The *Trib*, whatever one may have thought of its editorial page, served an extremely important function: it kept *The New York Times* honest in its news columns. Anyone following news from Vietnam, for example, was immediately struck by the change in coverage by the *Times* when dispatches to the *Trib* no longer threatened news beats, and the *Trib*'s small Washington bureau was constantly able to come up with items that kept the larger *Times* bureau on its toes. In city news the last couple of years was a period of crusading reporting which heavily contributed to Lindsay's election as mayor.

During this period when everyone attempts to manage the news and the *Times* is probably the single most important source of the news, it was particularly important to the reading public that the *Trib*'s thorn be in the *Time*'s saddle.

(Continued on page 388)

EDITORIALS

Mr. Johnson's Problem

One of the staples of political commentary these days is that the President of the United States, by all odds the most powerful of world leaders, is not trusted, either by his own people or by foreigners. The most crucial aspect of this distrust is in relation to Vietnam. The President is represented as being seriously interested in a negotiated settlement, and unable to understand why there is so much skepticism about his position. It is not much of a puzzle.

Any President, any ruler, must be something of a manipulator, something of a conniver, in order to do his job. Friend and foe alike expect as much. Mr. Johnson's trouble is that he has carried intrigue too far, so that the gap between his words and his actions has widened beyond acceptable limits. The glaring example, of course, is Johnson the candidate, a moderate vis-à-vis Vietnam in contrast to the firebrand Goldwater, and Johnson elected, acting as the voters had assumed Goldwater would act—or worse. After that, why should any reasonably critical person accept the President's protestations at face value?

Skepticism is the more justified because the President has continued on a course of pretense and deception and seems to be incapable of handling the burdens of his office in any other fashion. Consider the stage setting for the upcoming Manila session. Ambassador Goldberg launches still another peace offensive at the UN, differing only in microscopic detail from previous manifestos. President Marcos of the Philippines comes to Washington, is given a big reception and a big loan, and takes his turn at the UN. No sooner is Marcos out of the country than Mr. Johnson "accepts" an invitation to fly to Manila in the cause of peace. The Asian participants in this confabulation will all be client states of this country, dependent on us for arms and money. So constituted, it must look in Hanoi more like a war conference than a peace conference, and Mr. Johnson must look no more trustworthy than in the past. The stage management is so clumsy that Americans, except for the most sheeplike, can hardly be taken in either.

The original date for this gathering of the anti-Communist alliance was October 18. Could this timing have anything to do with domestic politics? What with Mr. Johnson's popularity slipping, it could indeed. It would put him precisely where he wants to be between the end of the World Series, when Americans will again have time for problems of state, and the November 8 election. The trip would dominate the news while Mr. Johnson and entourage are en route, while they are in Manila, and when they are back in Washington for the report to the Congress, press conferences, and the speculations of the commentators as to what is behind it all. The political implications of the trip as originally projected were in fact so palpable that the President felt compelled, as criticism mounted, to expand the itinerary so as to give the appearance of a broader purpose. But note that the schedule has been delayed slightly, so that live television coverage via satellite can be set up. There is altogether too much showmanship involved to allow much hope that a serious attempt at a settlement is really in prospect.

No doubt the President would like to secure a settlement—on his own terms. His role as an impresario reveals the carrot-and-stick strategy which has marked his previous promotions. Goldberg offers the carrot at the UN. Even while he pleads for peace, Secretary McNamara announces a hike in the purchase of combat aircraft. The President goes to Manila, ostensibly in the cause of peace. McNamara goes on a military mission to Saigon. If all these answers fail, what comes next? The President may boggle at the use of nuclear devices, but the least he will be able to settle for is a tougher war. It will be deferred until after November 8; when it comes, trust in Mr. Johnson will drop still another notch.

Party Politics and Race

The myopic schemers who mastermind the Republican Party sense that they can build an issue around "riots and disorders" by calling for "firmness" (in Birchite nomenclature, "support your local police") and by hinting that "subversion" is responsible for disturbances involving Negroes. Stated bluntly, they are tempted to make race the primary issue. Since they are not willing to take a stand for peace, race better suits their purposes than Vietnam.

To call this cynical is to engage in understatement. It is cynical, sinister and contemptible; it seeks to profit from the streak of racism buried deep in the American psyche—by no means universal, but far from negligible in political potential. Despite this bias, it was possible earlier to rally major support for civil rights in areas outside the South. The Negro vote was pivotal in many big cities in populous states, and liberals, religious groups and fair-minded Americans generally were demanding civil rights action. What made such action relatively easy was that the thrust of civil rights legislation was directed against the South. For Negroes in the North, voting, serving on juries and political equality in general were pretty much taken for granted. Supporting the extension of such rights to Southern Negroes involved no sacrifice for Northern whites.

In 1964, the "white backlash" began to be talked about. The expression originated in the North and reflected Northern irritation at discovering that the Negro aspired not only to political but to economic equality. Until the movement reached this stage, the Northern white community could enjoy race supremacy and feel virtuous at the same time. But when moderate Negro leaders failed to get for the slums the expected benefits, and slum dwellers began to call attention to themselves in the only way that seemed to them still open, a large section of the white community resorted to the standard defense of dominant groups intent on maintaining their dominance. They did not blame themselves, they blamed the victims; the misery of the slums was the slums' own fault.

Thus *Time* (October 7) expresses its sorrow that the "Negro revolution" is devouring its children. "During a summer of insensate riots and black-power demagoguery," *Time* editorializes, "the Negro's legitimate struggle for full citizenship sadly lost momentum, while white reaction against Negro excesses continued to mount." This rising white reaction, caught at the flood, is what some GOP leaders see as the party's opportunity. If they seize it and succeed, the

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ultimate cost may appall even them, but their vision does not extend beyond the next election.

The deadly stalemate which could ensue, with violence far exceeding anything experienced heretofore, is already in view. In proportion as the white reflex mounted, the South began to take heart from the fact that the struggle had shifted to the North, and the North was exhibiting Dixie attitudes, with only minor concealments. The Northern backlash has fomented a renewed reaction in the South, of which Lester Maddox, the ax-handle aspirant for the governorship of Georgia, is one symbol, Wallace in Alabama another, Johnson in Arkansas a third, and others sprouting all over. With not more than 3 per cent of the South's Negro children attending integrated schools, the segregationists are making a stand against further integration, even at the token level. The degree to which they have been emboldened is shown by Rep. Mendel Rivers' McCarthyite manhandling of U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe.

Two courageous voices have been heard amid this racist tumult. One was that of Rep. Charles Weltner, who repudiated Maddox at the cost of his own Congressional seat. The other was raised by Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York, who scornfully dissociated himself from statements by Republican national leaders, including former President Eisenhower, to the effect that the Administration had condoned and encouraged street violence. Responsibility, Mr. Rockefeller said, rested with the mayors of the cities where violence erupted.

If the white backlash presents an intra-party problem for liberal Republicans, Weltner's dramatic action is almost certain to raise complications for President Johnson. The counsel of caution would be to remain above the battle, but if the Republicans ally themselves with racism, can the President stay aloof while valiant Democrats of less prominence sacrifice their careers to their principles?

How Much for a Life?

It depends, of course, on whose life you are talking about. Until recently, in accordance with a 1929 treaty negotiated by some ninety nations in Warsaw, a passenger killed in the crash of an international airliner was worth \$8,290—no more, no less. In 1965, after much pulling and hauling, the International Air Transport Association expressed willingness to raise the indemnity to \$50,000 per dead passenger. If, on the other hand, the passenger happened to be a well-heeled businessman on a New York-San Francisco flight, the heirs were more fortunate; a jury might go as high as \$500,000 in its evaluation of this extinguished life.

But these are all Caucasian lives, and among them American lives have the greatest cash value. For Asian lives, the American Government has another standard. When a Vietnamese civilian is killed by misdirected U.S. air attacks—a not unusual occurrence—the surviving family (if any) is awarded \$34. This is quite in line with other calculations of the South Vietnamese government, the U.S. Defense Department and other U.S. agencies. Refugees from our air attacks who seek survival in camps in areas free of the Vietcong are granted an allowance of 9c a day. The United

States is a rich country, but frugal withal—except in killing, where no expense is spared and no cost is too great.

The bargain-basement valuation of Asian life may have some connection with General Eisenhower's counsel that we should not rule out the use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam. Next to biological warfare, which has not yet been perfected, atomic warfare is the least expensive means of wiping out a hostile population. We would not even have to pay the \$34 indemnity.

'New Politics' in California

From West Virginia to California groups are beginning to organize with an eye to independent political action. *The Nation* is in thorough sympathy with the impulse behind this widespread and growing demand for a "new politics," given an impetus by the surprising number of "peace candidates." Indeed, we voiced the demand long before the National Conference for a New Politics was organized ("Time for a New Politics" by Carey McWilliams; *The Nation*, May 26, 1962). Maddox vs. Callaway in Georgia, and Tower vs. Carr in Texas, are not choices but cruel echoes.

Today it is all too clear that the malfunctioning of the two-party system is creating a dangerous national mood of bitterness, frustration, anger and deep concern. Not surprisingly, the demand for independent action is strongest in California where party structures are notoriously weak and where "peace candidates" have fared better than elsewhere. At the moment, the state has the largest potential constituency for a "new politics."

But merely to give vent to the existing frustration is not necessarily the best way to set a "new politics" in motion.

Consider, for example, the recent State-wide Conference on Power and Politics in Los Angeles. (See page 377 of this issue.) The impressive turn-out—2,089 delegates—clearly reflects the existing annoyance with the sad state of our politics and our parties. By an estimated margin of 60 to 40 (there were no roll-call votes), the delegates voted to boycott both Reagan and Brown. Since the prime purpose of the conference seemed to be to proclaim a hex on Brown, the effect of the action was to divide the potential constituency for a "new politics."

Across town, another group, "State of the Future Conference for Californians," met for the purpose of endorsing Governor Brown. Speakers included: The Right Reverend James A. Pike, Sen. Edward Kennedy, Harry S. Ashmore, Dr. S. I. Hayakawa and Wallace Stegner. But the appearance of the rival group was merely one of several indications of the divisive effect of the decision to boycott Brown.

At the "new politics" conference, five liberal California Congressmen—Philip Burton, Augustus F. Hawkins, Edward R. Roybal, Don Edwards and George Brown—released a statement endorsing the Governor. The delegates could hardly criticize the voting record of these men, some of whom might be defeated if Reagan were to sweep the state. The AFL-CIO is, of course, supporting Governor Brown, but so is the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union and so is Cesar Chavez's Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee. A few Negroes and Mexican-Americans attended the "new politics" conference, but they could hardly be regarded as spokesmen for their re-

spective groups. Even the liberal intellectuals identified with the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions were divided; some attended one conference, some the other.

The reason for the division is clear enough. Reagan vs. Brown is not a Hobson's choice like Maddox vs. Callaway or Tower vs. Carr. "We have been critical of the Governor," to quote from the statement of the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, "in the past and no doubt will differ with him again in the future. But we would be less than grateful, as farm workers, if we did not now urge his re-election." The lesser-evil argument is tedious and has been grossly abused, but the margin of choice between Brown and Reagan is significant and the outcome can have important national implications. More to the point is the question of the tactical wisdom of raising an issue, late in the campaign, which was certain to divide those who, on almost any reckoning, would necessarily make up the constituency of a "new politics." The boycott will probably not injure Governor Brown's chances—it may improve them—and in the end many of the delegates who shouted approval of it may vote for him. But the question remains: was this the best way or the best time to launch so serious an undertaking as the projection of a "new politics"?

Hidden Ingredient

When the United States Information Agency thinks that a book published in this country should be read by peoples abroad, it will subsidize a foreign edition—paying for the translation and in some cases buying enough copies for free distribution in influential circles to make the venture attractive to the publisher. The job of USIA—an unenviable one these days—is to put America's best foot forward, and supporting books which are thought to further that aim is in principle a legitimate part of the work.

But sometimes USIA cannot find a book that expresses the view it wants aired on a subject it thinks important. Then it becomes more active; it finds a writer, supervises his work (how closely it supervises is a skittish subject with agency personnel) and puts him in touch with a publisher. The foreign edition appears in due course, but often the publisher will also bring out an edition for domestic sale. In such cases, American readers are asked to buy a book which they have, in effect, already paid for through taxes. More important, they are asked to read a work that was commissioned as U.S. propaganda, but the government's hand in the matter is not evident anywhere in the volume.

Until recently, when the House Appropriations Subcommittee became upset by the policy, USIA kept secret the list of books in which it had an interest. Now the titles have been released and in the future cautious readers can presumably ferret out the subsidized books. But that is carrying *caveat emptor* rather far: in simple honesty, books that are midwived by USIA should have the fact recorded on their title pages. However, that is an aspect of packaging, and packaging, as Congress well knows, is not the most ethical of pursuits. It is more than probable that we shall need a law obliging Praeger (the most active publishing colleague of USIA) and the other participating firms to carry a suitable notice when works they distribute at home are feedbacks from the government's overseas public relations.

The Red Paint Incident

The following advertisement appeared recently in the Denver daily press:

"First Unitarian's vandalism insurance policy was canceled last fall by the company which held our insurance. This despite an eight-year record of more than \$4,000 paid in premiums and only \$1,200 in claims filed for all purposes, not just vandalism. Not a bad profit for any insurance company, you might think. But the company didn't think so.

"What provoked the cancellation was featured on the front pages of the local papers as 'The Red Paint Incident.' Distressed church officials were pictured pointing to the church building walls where vandals had thrown oil-penetrating 'bombs' the night before. We'd rented our facilities—as we have to other 'controversial' community groups—to a group which was pleading the 'Stop the War' cause. Someone apparently didn't like that.

"But we'd rent again for the same cause or to the opposing side. For we believe that truth will not be vanquished as long as reason is left to combat error.

"First Unitarian Church, Richard Henry, Minister."

The Right to Abortion

In the *Saturday Evening Post's* "Speaking Out" department someone does occasionally speak out—witness Dr. William B. Ober in the October 8 issue on "We Should Legalize Abortion." Dr. Ober asks, "By what right does state or church claim a jurisdiction superior to that of the woman involved in pregnancy? I believe that every woman should be able to have an unwanted pregnancy aborted at her own request, subject only to the consent of her husband and the advice of her physician." Even wider liberalization is advocated by Alice S. Rossi, a research sociologist at the University of Chicago, writing on "Abortion Laws and Their Victims" in the September/October issue of *Transaction*. Dr. Rossi's position is that "any woman, whether married or not, should be able to secure a safe abortion, upon her own request, at a reasonable fee, in a licensed hospital by a licensed and competent physician."

Such views are prevalent among the educated and sexually permissive, but will the general public support abortion reform? Approval must be unequivocal or state legislators (each state being sovereign in this field) will consider the issue too hot to handle. But actually it is hot on only one side. The National Opinion Research Center of the University of Chicago scanned a representative sample of nearly 1,500 adult Americans in December, 1965, and found that 71 per cent favored legal abortion where the woman's own health is endangered, 56 per cent where she is pregnant as a result of rape, and 55 per cent where there is a strong chance of serious defect in the baby. But the percentages were abruptly reversed for the mother of a low-income family that could not afford more children or when the woman did not want to marry the man by whom she had conceived, or if, being married, she simply did not want any more children. The maximum favorable response in these categories was 21 per cent.

Judging by this survey, Americans are willing to sacrifice the fetus for the sake of the mother's health or to spare

her anguish for which she is in no way responsible, but they do not hold with the abortion-on-demand principle approached in the Japanese Eugenic Protection Law of 1948. Where the conventions are involved, they still favor punitive motherhood: an unmarried prospective mother, for instance, must embark on a high-risk marriage, or go through the pregnancy and put the child up for adoption, or bear and rear an illegitimate child. The majority will neither tolerate abortion as a last-resort birth-control meas-

ure nor recognize the absolute right of a woman to decide whether or not she wishes to bear a child.

Estimates of the number of illegal abortions performed annually range from 250,000 to more than 1 million. To make a beginning in cutting down this national disgrace, it would seem best to seek early changes in the abortion laws in conformity with the present state of public opinion, and to allow time for America to catch up with Japan before attempting wider liberalization.

WARMING UP FOR NOVEMBER 8

ILLINOIS

A Boy Wonder Grows Up

PETER M. DEUEL

Mr. Deuel, a reporter for the Chicago Daily News, has been covering city and state politics since 1957.

Chicago

Paul H. Douglas, the senior United States Senator from Illinois, is having thrust upon him an honor that he's doing his best to avoid. It is the right to ride the coattails of President Lyndon B. Johnson, a mode of transportation which most political office seekers admit is hazardous this season. The sponsor of this privilege is Charles H. Percy, the one-time boy wonder of Illinois and national politics who is making an impressive stab at taking from Douglas the Senate seat he has held for eighteen years.

Percy no longer qualifies as a boy wonder; he was 47 on September 27, and two tragedies — one personal and the other professional — have aged him. The more terrible of these was the murder of his 21-year-old daughter, Valerie, on September 18. Those who know this millionaire industrialist well say his enormous reserve of inner strength will enable him to recover from this senseless tragedy and drive on with renewed purpose in the campaign.

The professional tragedy, of less savage importance but nonetheless a part of the new Percy, was the 1964 gubernatorial campaign in which he learned a valuable political lesson: organization is what wins campaigns, not being "right." Percy, like so many other promising Republicans that year, was the victim of another set of coattails, Barry Goldwater's. He lost his race for the governorship by a little more than 170,000 votes, while President Johnson was literally burying Goldwater.

His daughter's death caused him to halt his campaign temporarily (Douglas did likewise), but until the Percy family went into seclusion to try to find strength from their Christian Science beliefs to carry on, Percy had been doing right all the things that he had done wrong before. And Douglas was feeling the pinch of it. He began to attack Percy for his stands on Vietnam and inflation, a tactic the one-time economics professor would normally shun.

But the one issue on which the candidates can find little to disagree, except in method, is civil rights and it is there

that Percy is most likely to pick up votes. Chicago has been the Northern focal point for the equal rights drive of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King and his Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Dr. King has moved his headquarters to Chicago, determined to bring Mayor Richard J. Daley to his knees.

Strangely, Percy has made a complete about-face in his stand on the most volatile of the civil rights issues — open housing. Two years ago, when it was not a key political issue, Percy opposed state-wide open occupancy. This year, when the white backlash has reached immense proportions in Chicago, Percy favors it.

Douglas, long a friend of the civil rights movement, must count heavily on the Chicago Negro vote, and the polls show Percy cutting into that usually Democratic bloc. At the same time, although he is considerably more liberal than most of the backslashers would like, Percy seems to be the beneficiary of their bitterness: he is running a good 5 per cent ahead of his last campaign in areas where the reaction to the summer's demonstrations has been strongest.

Recently, the race has been further complicated by the entry, as a write-in candidate, of Robert Subonjian, Mayor of Waukegan. During a two-day riot last August in that northern Illinois city's Negro district, Subonjian referred to the rioters as "scum" and "winos." While his candidacy carries little hope of victory, politicians view him as a magnet for the white backlash vote, most of which seems to be falling to Percy.

Percy has never stopped running for office, any office, since his defeat, and he's broken the rules of politics by trying to carry out some of his campaign pledges even though he lost. Accordingly, he has been popping into and out of the public eye for nearly eighteen months. One of his major projects has been a literacy program that provides illiterates with the equivalent of a sixth-grade reading and writing ability in eight weeks. Percy saw illiteracy as a major cause of the rising number of unemployables and enlisted the aid of a friend, insurance tycoon W. Clement Stone, to finance it. In one year, more than 500 men and

women completed the course. Another of his interests has been the New Illinois Committee, a privately supported war-on-poverty organization that engaged in neighborhood organization, slum-improvement projects, employment programs and similar ventures.

In the course of all this work, Percy matured. He retains much of his boyish good looks, but he has found a new toughness and an ease with people, and he's a lot less naive. Although people still call him Chuck, he shows a lot less of the "gee, whiz" reaction that reduced his stature in 1964. His advisers, most of whom were amateurs and showed it, are closer to being professionals now. They also learned from the bruises of that year.

All of this is telling on Douglas, and reporters covering the 74-year-old Senator's campaign detect a snappishness that reflects his concern. Recently, while stumping the northwest corner of the state, Douglas discovered that a new aide had neglected to put out an advance text of his speech.

"Dammit, man, don't you realize we're in a war?" he yelled at the aide. And a war it is. Percy has hit upon the issues which he thinks will end Douglas' public career: Vietnam and inflation, wrapped in the baleful shadow of Lyndon Johnson.

Not content with criticizing Douglas, Percy has countered with proposals of his own. One such idea, the All-Asian Peace Conference on Vietnam, has won wide attention, even from the President, and Douglas finds himself nearly alone in his opposition to letting Asians meet by themselves on the Vietnamese problems.

The two campaigns provide an interesting contrast.



Drawings by Accurso

Paul H. Douglas

Douglas, although he does not command the grandiose oratory of his Illinois colleague, Everett McKinley Dirksen, still cuts a fine figure on the podium. He has stuck to set speeches as his electioneering mainstay. Percy, who talked too much and listened not enough in 1964, now does little set speaking and a lot of handshaking. The results have been amazing. Those accustomed to seeing him stride aloofly through a crowd after leaving a platform can now watch him munch on picnic fare while surrounded by admirers, or join a folk dance or sign autographs.

Percy is also trying to make something of his age advantage, but is having only limited success because Douglas shows remarkable vigor. When Percy recently went swimming in a chilly Lake Michigan, Douglas' press aides put out a release reminding voters that their Senator takes a daily one-hour swim for exercise. When Percy did a little chain dance at an Assyrian picnic and got his picture taken kicking his heels, Douglas the next day was photographed kicking a football off a tee to open a political rally. Though silver-haired, Douglas hasn't grayed much around the intellect. He is still a master campaigner and can talk about John Stuart Mill with a downstate farmer and a university professor and pull off both conversations.

Although Percy is not belittling Douglas, he does make it seem as though he were a little sorry for him. "I like to pretend I'm a Chicago precinct captain," Percy told a visitor recently. "Why should I go for Paul Douglas? What's Douglas ever done for me? Besides, why remind the voters about Vietnam and the cost of living by bringing up a Lyndon Johnson man when I can stick to the local candidates. Look at the fix I'm in." That fix is Douglas' reputation for political independence, which he has had to forgo this time around in favor of closer links with Mayor Daley's organization.

Paul Douglas has been the Democrats' best vote getter in history. In 1948, a professor from the University of Chicago and former Chicago alderman, he was put up with another prominent Illinoisan, Adlai Stevenson, as Democratic reform candidates for Senator and Governor. The man who engineered this coup — both candidates won sweeping victories — was Jacob Arvey, the Illinois National Democratic committeeman and Chicago powerhouse. Arvey has since become little more than a figurehead because Daley runs things his own way.

There are those who predict that Percy will one day be a national candidate and, knowing the determination of the one-time camera company president, few will take bets against it. But he has to make it past the Senate race first, and he finds it hard to rid himself entirely of that "gee, whiz" image brought on last time by the romantic bewilderment that overpowered his whole campaign team at the thought of big-league politics.

Percy is a millionaire now, but there were many days during the depression when his parents had no money. His father was a bank official who felt a moral responsibility to help repay losses his bank incurred when it failed, even though he had no legal responsibility.

Percy worked his way through the University of Chicago and held a number of jobs including one campus-based business that grossed \$150,000 a year. He also worked part-

time for Bell & Howell, and became a friend of its president. After college he joined the camera firm and became its president at the age of 29, one of the youngest corporate heads in the United States. In fifteen years, he took the firm from a moderate-income operation to a gigantic business with international operations. During all this time he was active in Republican circles and helped with both fund raising and platform writing on a national level. He became good friends with then President Dwight D. Eisenhower, a closeness that lasts to this day.

Percy served in the Navy during World War II. Douglas, although 50 at the time, managed to wangle an enlistment in the Marine Corps, and after pulling more strings saw action in the Pacific. During one of his encounters, he was wounded and lost the use of his left arm.

The tempo of Douglas' junket through northwestern Illinois took a strong upswing when his attractive wife joined the team. She is an extremely effective speaker with the women's groups and accompanies her husband whenever she can. Percy's campaign has a lot more hooray to it. He frequently travels with the Perquettes, a group of handsome teen-age girls who wear red, white and blue uniforms and pass out campaign literature. And he can be sure that his advance men will turn out a crowd. Even a labor rally in downstate Sparta, which should have been more a Douglas venture, got him 5,000 welcomers and a warm response. Despite loud-speaker advance announcements, one street-corner appearance by Douglas netted him six people in a Negro neighborhood of Moline, a thriving industrial city on the Illinois-Iowa border.

Douglas is stuck with a campaign theme — "you never had it so good"—that does little to stir up the voters. People, he says, are bringing home fatter pay checks. The economy is booming. Opportunities have never been greater.

To this Percy counters: "People don't care how big their pay check is. They want to know what they can bring home with it and it's less these days. Everybody has sort of a gut feeling that things aren't going right. They want to take it out on President Johnson, and since they can't they'll settle for Paul Douglas. And President Johnson is making it easy because he's trying to prove to people he's a good campaign aid whether the candidates want his help or not."

The first samples taken by the pollsters seem to show that Percy's analysis of the campaign so far is right. He is apparently running well ahead of his 1964 pace, especially in Chicago, and Douglas is dropping behind previous marks. The polls, as usual, do not yet reflect the power of the Cook County Democratic Committee, which will send its precinct captains out about ten days before election for a blitz. No political organization, or to use Percy's term, machine, works better than Daley's when things get tough.

Another imponderable in this race is the effect of Valerie's death. The polls have shown little sympathy, but many Democratic politicians expect an appreciable reaction on November 8.

These experts also point out that Percy has done the work necessary within his own party to solidify a state Republican organization that was shattered over the Goldwater issue. In 1964, Percy set up his own state-wide organization through a citizens' group. The regular Republican organiza-

tion, a Goldwater captive, was at best lukewarm to Percy, and he in turn straddled the Goldwater fence, satisfying neither side in that battle. This year, Percy is relying on State Central Committeeman Victor Smith to operate the downstate campaign and is managing only Cook County himself.

Percy's campaign manager, Thomas Houser, a suburban political leader, says the campaign is short of funds. Douglas, on the other hand, is said to have a fat bank roll because of union support. Percy cannot himself spend more than



Charles H. Percy

\$25,000 on his own campaign and will probably spend less because he intends only to match the largest contributor, and it is a fact of political life that big donors fight shy of Senatorial campaigns. Governors can pay back through political favors a lot faster than can Senators.

Paul Douglas is a tough man in a fight, and he has going for him something that is impossible to measure on the political dope sheet: his reputation for honesty. One suburban shopper expressed it when she said: "Chuck Percy is all right but Paul Douglas is the most honest politician in the state. It seems a shame to have to turn out a man of his caliber to elect Percy."

And some of the big guns in Douglas' arsenal have yet to take the stage. What effect will the appearance of Senators Robert and Edward Kennedy have on the campaign in a state where passion for the Kennedys runs high? The late John F. Kennedy felt that Daley elected him President by squeaking him through in Illinois. Can Daley do it again for Paul Douglas?

Republicans doubt that Daley can turn the trick this time. And the chorus of GOP hacks who cautioned Percy not to take on Illinois' most powerful vote getter has stopped its moaning and is beginning to jockey for position. They smell an upset in the making and want a piece of it. But considering Percy's abhorrence of party hacks, the piece they stand to get will be contemptuously small.

Barbecues and Other Trivia

GLADWIN HILL

Mr. Hill is head of The New York Times Los Angeles news bureau.

Los Angeles

If candor reigned in politics, Californians of both parties might well be driving around with bumper strips reading: "The Only Ism For Me Is Negativism." As the campaign for governor plods into its final weeks, the axiom that people vote *against* things rather than for them is getting a notable workout.

The trouble is that Californians, by and large, are prosperous beyond precedent. The basic indices — production, employment, wages — are at record levels; migration into the state continues almost unslackened, infusing plasma into the economy. The politician's traditional shadow play of a Promised Land becomes an exercise in lily gilding, and there's nowhere for people or politicians to turn, except to carping.

Ronald Reagan has been busy trying to prove statistically that California has more of everything bad, from "crime" (does that mean overtime parking or homicides?) to Dutch elm disease. Governor Brown, having had to present his "Promised Land" spectacular in 1958, and again in 1962, finds that this year's edition plays to cold audiences. So he has taken to knocking his Republican opponent on every available count from the actor's Birchite friends to his often inaccurate Hollywood-and-Vine notions of what, where and how things operate in California.

California's 7 million voters have done little to animate this barren scene. Their most acute concern, according to all professional soundings, is "high taxes" — a complaint that has lacked novelty since the Boston Tea Party. The rival candidates dutifully deplore the high taxes, but when they are asked — and they are repeatedly asked — how they would reduce them, all that comes out is double talk. When a state's overhead has reached \$4.6 billion a year, it is obvious that sizable economies can be made only by abolishing basic services, and no candidate dares propose that. The one state activity that the public feels it could dispense with, surveys consistently show, is the nebulous category called "welfare," which consumes more than \$1 billion a year. But to voters, "welfare" connotes an undeserving relief recipient, while in the state budget it includes such fixtures as prisons, hospitals and mental health clinics. The result is more rhetorical shadowboxing.

The exercise in futility is conducted at an exhausting pace. One recent day found Mr. Reagan flying 400 miles from his Los Angeles home to successive rallies on a Vallejo street corner, at the Yountville Veterans' Home and at the Krug winery in St. Helena — topped off by a barbecue at Yuba City. Simultaneously, Governor Brown was visiting the John F. Kennedy Grammar School at Daly City, addressing a Democratic businessmen's luncheon club at San Mateo, attending a Mexican-American reception at San Jose, and finally starring at a "Re-Elect Governor Brown" banquet at Palo Alto.

The Brown organization is much more massive, professional and smooth working than the Reagan team, hastily assembled from such varied sources as the Goldwater, Rockefeller, Nixon and Murphy campaigns. One day recently the Reagan headquarters was bottling up as top secret the advance text of a Reagan speech, hours after Brown scouts had procured a copy and were cranking out assorted rejoinders.

The present administration finds itself hoist with its own good works. Brown's private-opinion polls show that thousands of voters, who four or eight years ago were marginal blue-collar workers and wedded to the Democratic cause, now have "arrived"; they own homes, boats and maybe even



Edmund G. Brown

white collars. Suddenly they're conservatives, deploring taxes and concerned lest a Negro move in down the street.

The Brown forces started the campaign committed to the Rumford fair-housing act, which they had campaigned for in 1963. Reagan at first advocated repeal. Recent surveys have shown a division of 33 per cent for, 43 per cent against the act; and meanwhile both sides have altered their positions. Reagan now favors "revision"; Brown wants a commission to study "possible revision."

This is a good example of how California's historically "bipartisan" electorate, unpolarized because of singularly weak party structures, vitiate issues. Each party must seek votes from the other side. Consequently, any question that threatens to separate sheep from goats, or Republicans from Democrats, is frantically neutralized by contending candidates to avert any such alarming delineation.

Instead, the voters get such nonpartisan popcorn as Reagan's arm-waving assertions of what "I as governor" would do about the University of California. Neither he



Ronald Reagan

nor any governor is going to do anything about the university, beyond appointing an occasional regent, unless the state constitution is amended. Constitutionally the university is a corporation as autonomous as General Motors, and beholden only to the legislature for operating money.

Such air kicking has presumably contributed to Reagan's decline in the ratings from an 18 per cent edge after the June primaries to approximately even standing with Governor Brown in September. Reagan has been projecting himself fairly mellifluously in set appearances crafted by his handlers; but the old ham urge to top the script with ad-libs keeps tripping him. To date, remarks he has ventured about various phases of state government have evoked formal, official contradictions on matters of fact from the State Resources Agency, the state health and welfare administrator, the state Savings and Loan Commissioner and the University of California administration. But for all that, he's a fresh face. Brown has been prominent on the California horizon so long that when he speaks it's an event hardly less novel than the sunrise.

The negative quality of the campaign is emphasized by the remarkable number of notables on both sides who for one reason or another prefer to stay in the shadows. Pierre Salinger, a symbol of Democratic Party cleavage in 1964, has modestly confined himself to raising money. The Kennedy-oriented Tom Braden, the Oceanside publisher, and Lloyd Hand, Mr. Johnson's recent expert on protocol, who in May were equating California's salvation with their abortive efforts to displace Lieutenant Governor Glenn Anderson, have since been invisible. The powerful Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, whose "old pro" faction was defeated by a liberalish rank-and-file junta when it ran Mrs. Carmen Warschaw for Democratic state chairman, has given little public indication of whether he favors Brown or Reagan. Mrs. Warschaw and her coterie have been spurning reconciliation overtures from Governor Brown, who supported her, but not, she complained, vigorously enough.

National Committeeman Eugene Wyman has avoided the limelight because of long-time hostilities with the Unruh-Warschaw axis and with Mayor Samuel Yorty, whose 900,000 anti-Brown primary votes the Democrats are wooing anxiously. Yorty himself, with his eye on support for a 1968 Senate race against Sen. Thomas Kuchel, is affecting such sedulous neutrality that he will view the November 8 election from the vantage point of Tokyo. The California Democratic Council, the state-wide federation of local Democratic clubs that claims to be the main voice of the party rank and file, has been kept in the background so that its liberal leanings would provide a minimal target for Reaganites trying to depict it as the left-wing counterpart of the Birch Society.

On the Republican side, Senator Kuchel, the California GOP's top-ranking figure, is viewing Reagan's race in studied silence on the Potomac. Former Governor Goodwin Knight has remained as elusive as he was in 1962 when his *bête-noire*, Richard Nixon, was running. Former Sen. William F. Knowland, Brown's 1958 rival, has been similarly silent. Only San Francisco's George Christopher, the forlorn "moderate" entry whom Reagan defeated in June, has spoken out, in recent days. In effect, he spoke on Brown's behalf by needling Reagan as to whether he would support Senator Kuchel in 1968. Reagan's chilly response has been that it would be improper for him to indicate a preference in advance of the 1968 primary.

Constant jibes about his refusal to repudiate the Birch Society finally impelled Reagan to declare the subject — as Richard Nixon in 1960 declared the mysterious Howard Hughes loan — out of bounds, but this has scarcely stopped the Democrats from harping on it. Governor Brown recently sent a tongue-in-cheek telegram of welcome to Nixon, who was on a speaking trip to California, noting that in 1962 Nixon repudiated the Birch Society, and imploring him to prevail on Reagan to do the same.

Columns of space and hours of air time have been spent in vacuous debate on whether the two rivals were wittingly or unwittingly parties to racially restrictive covenants (inoperative for some years) on their dwellings. This disputation was eclipsed in due course by a furor over the propriety of State Republican Chairman Gaylord Parkinson's enjoying a \$30,000 well-wishers' subsidy fund, similar to the Nixon \$18,000 fund of 1952.

"Brown only talks about me; he won't discuss the issues," Reagan complained on a recent telecast — ignoring the fact that in Democratic eyes Reagan himself is the main issue: his right-wing past and his questionable qualifications for the state's top executive office. Indeed, the burden of Reagan's offensive is to attack Brown's competence. To which the plump, bespectacled Governor's essential response is to gulp incredulously and point to the state of California, still in place and growing.

The candidates have steered clear of Vietnam, since strong pro-Administration sentiment in California makes any criticism a possible vote loser. However, anti-Viet militants had their say over the October 1 weekend, when the New Left staged a two-day conference at Los Angeles attended by several thousand—many of them expense-paid representatives of underprivileged sectors of the state. Prime movers of the conference were the national New Politics

co-chairmen, Julian Bold and Simon Casady; the *Ramparts* magazine hierarchy, and a covey of staff members of Santa Barbara's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions (which itself had no connection with the assemblage).

The keynote of the conference was: "Don't vote for either Brown or Reagan: both represent outworn, reactionary political mechanisms. Let's look ahead to constructive, humanitarian, opportunistic radicalism, unformalized as a third party—yet." This view, well publicized in advance, occasioned a schism among intellectuals. Harry Ashmore and Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike of the Center staff, among others, threw their weight with a concurrent, rival conference on "The State of the Future" promoted by Brown people to neutralize the New Left manifestation. It drew a comparable attendance across town for a one-day meeting, salted with such luminaries as the Governor himself and touring Senator Ted Kennedy.

Bishop Pike took time out from the pro-Brown gather-

ing to try to dissuade the New Left meeting from its boycott idea. His sentiments persuaded several hundred of the New Left participants to walk out; they were for the most part white-collar liberals and Marxists attuned to explicit political action.

Among the New Left activists were five of the "peace" candidates rejected in last June's Democratic primary. On the Congressional front, indications are that California's solidly gerrymandered districts will produce no more than the change of an odd seat or two in the present 24 to 14 Democratic-Republican line-up.

Amid a cacaphony of trivia, electoral sentiment in California has moved into the familiar, cryptic, head-in-the-shell, penultimate phase when no one is sure what the voters may finally do. Neither candidate has yet conspicuously pre-empted the "nice-guy" role—the defensive, put-upon exponent of stability, holding at bay a disruptive rock thrower—that is often decisive in California contests.

NEW YORK

The Donkey Beats Himself

JAMES DESMOND

Mr. Desmond, a political writer for the New York Daily News, is the author of Nelson Rockefeller (Macmillan).

Albany

The New York gubernatorial campaign in these critical October weeks is running true to form—all is confusion. The Democrats, who put up the colorless Queens County District Attorney, Frank D. O'Connor, at their convention last month are dismayed, dispirited and, as of this writing at least, broke. The Republicans, gradually moving toward some sort of togetherness because of Nelson A. Rockefeller's rebound from the low his popularity hit last year, are still bedeviled by factionalism and the conflicting national ambitions of Rockefeller, Sen. Jacob K. Javits and Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York City. And the Liberal Party, which was euchred by Alex Rose and David Dubinsky, its elder statesmen, into nominating the somewhat shopworn Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., is so fragmented that it may well lose the third line on the election machines—a line it has profitably exploited for patronage, by trading with both major parties, for more than twenty years.

Only the Conservatives are showing anything like unity. Still feeling the momentum of the substantial vote polled by William F. Buckley, Jr., in last year's New York City mayoralty election, they are bidding to dislodge the Liberals from third place among the state parties with a platform somewhat to the right of Barry Goldwater and an evident, but unexpressed, solicitation of the "white backlash" vote. Whether Paul Adams, the obscure upstate college dean who heads the Conservative ticket, will be able to draw votes as did the puckish Buckley last year is a big question. Buckley, incidentally, couldn't be the nominee, a role he probably would have relished, because he moved back to New York from Connecticut only last year and there is a five-year residency requirement for governor.

The Democrats are in the deepest trouble and, as usual, their troubles are all out in public. Neither Robert Kennedy nor Robert Wagner approved the nomination of O'Connor, and while they are now co-chairmen of his campaign, their fervor at this point can best be described as tepid. The fact that Kennedy pushed his own candidate, Eugene Nickerson, the Nassau County executive, until the cause proved hopeless—and even then refused a kind word for the nominee until after the September 7-8 convention—still rankles in the O'Connor camp. And Wagner made no friends at the convention by quietly putting out word that he was available if anybody was interested. Moreover, neither Kennedy nor Wagner did anything to prevent the so-called convention "uprising" that snatched the nomination for lieutenant governor from the preferred Orin Lehman, with his famous name and ready access to campaign money in the board rooms of New York City finance, and gave it to Howard Samuels, the upstate industrialist who was O'Connor's only remaining opponent when the convention opened. Additionally, Wagner waited three full weeks after the convention before coming out for O'Connor, and when he did so his phrases suggested duty more than pleasure.

The upstate people are still to be mollified. Within a week after he accepted second place, Samuels publicly criticized O'Connor in an airport interview. And Frank Sedita, of Buffalo, who confidently expected to be named for lieutenant governor after the important Erie County delegation switched to O'Connor, felt he was jobbed, although he grabbed at the chance to run for attorney general.

In fact, the only one on the Democratic ticket who was not embroiled was the state's strongest Democratic vote getter, Comptroller Arthur Levitt. Considered unbeatable for his office, Levitt was routinely nominated for a fourth term, but he was never seriously considered for the top spot.

All this was in September, when Democratic hopes were



Nelson A. Rockefeller

soaring on the notoriously erratic summer polls that showed any Democrat could beat Rockefeller. (Why experienced politicians give credence to such polls must always remain a puzzle.) Now in October everything is changed. Rockefeller has been gaining since mid-August and now must be rated even money, or better, to win a third term.

Not that the Republicans are without their troubles. Although there was no sign of dissension at their dull convention, also held September 7-8, neither was there any enthusiasm until the final session when Rockefeller's magnetism lifted the delegates to their feet with his acceptance speech. The scene recalled 1958, when a disgruntled Republican convention dutifully nominated Rockefeller and caught fire only when he was first presented on the platform.

But the Republican troubles, as always, are more subtle and far less publicized than the Democratic squabbles. First, there is the hard core of upstaters, conservatives all, who tried last winter to get Senator Javits to run against Rockefeller for the nomination and fired him up to the point where he made a state tour to count delegates before realizing that his cause was dead. This bloc would never go Democratic, and few are likely to stray as far right as the Conservative Party. But going fishing on Election Day is an old GOP tradition north of the city line, and it worries the Rockefeller campaign managers. This worry is ameliorated somewhat by reports that GOP legislative candidates, who ran the other way when asked to pose with Rockefeller last year for the special legislative election, now clamor to be at his side when he reaches their home grounds.

More complex is the matter of personal ambitions. Few around him doubt that Rockefeller, despite statements to the contrary, will be right back in the 1968 Presidential picture if he wins a third term. The disclaimers, in fact, are accepted as political necessities in a state election year and not to be taken seriously. A defeat would of course make the whole question academic.

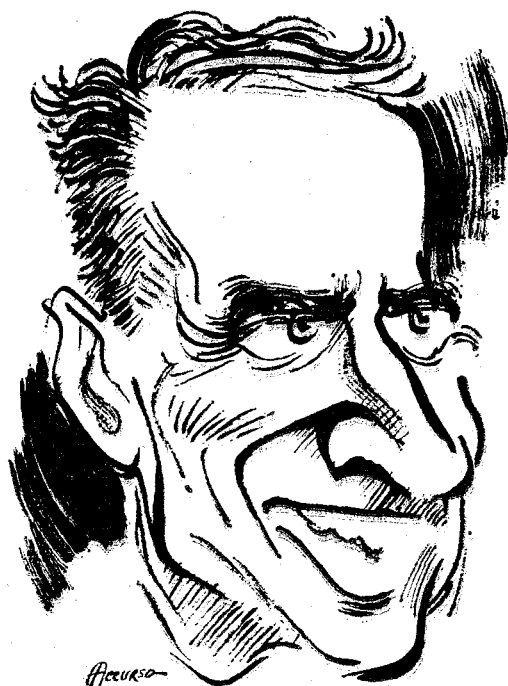
But Rockefeller on the national scene in 1968 would all but doom Senator Javits' very apparent hope of winning second place on the ticket. With Rockefeller in control of the delegation and personally involved, Javits would have no leverage for seeking the nomination for Vice President. This has created a delicate situation. Javits is chairman of the Rockefeller campaign with very little to do about running it, but when he speaks out on policy he often puts his foot in the Governor's mouth — as, for example, his pronouncement that Rockefeller would campaign for the New York City Civilian Police Review Board, a statement that came out on the very day that Rockefeller was declaring he considered the matter a local question.

Then there is the young man in a hurry, Mayor Lindsay. He has given lip service to Rockefeller, but refuses to campaign for him, and frequently criticizes the Governor. There are those around Lindsay who say he hopes to make some sort of splash at the 1968 Republican convention — not necessarily as contestant for a nomination but a big enough splash to win him national party recognition. A revived Rockefeller candidacy would put an end to such hopes.

These are intra-party affairs and probably will not surface before Election Day, particularly because the Rockefeller campaign is rolling and any GOP chance of regaining control of the legislature rests on the success of his run.

There remain the minority parties. Little has been heard from the Conservatives, and their man, Adams, has difficulty being even recognized by his party colleagues outside the top levels. But although Rockefeller wrote them off as insignificant in 1962 when they polled 141,000 votes for David Jaquith for governor, everybody is taking them a little more seriously now because analysis of the 1964 Conservative vote in the New York City mayoral election showed that they cut into conservative Democratic strength, particularly among the Irish, as well as hurting the Republicans whom they had set out to wreck.

The Liberals are an even more uncertain factor. The



Frank D. O'Connor

International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, long the moneybag for Liberal candidates, isn't going to put up money for Junior Roosevelt, which greatly diminishes their influence. And Roosevelt, who introduced the bossism issue into the campaign when he was contesting O'Connor for the Democratic nomination, has failed to start any fires.

The labor situation is highly unusual. Unions representing about 600,000 workers have already pledged themselves to Rockefeller; this represents nearly 30 per cent of labor's claimed membership in the state. Perhaps as many are neutral, and many others have simply avoided disclosing their political plans. The numbers are unimportant. What counts is that labor, which since the days of FDR has

(with a few notable exceptions) been wedded to the Democratic Party and which customarily opened its treasuries and furnished the doorbell ringers, won't be on the firing line this time. The blow could be fatal to Democratic hopes.

On balance, therefore, the situation sums up this way:

The Republicans, well heeled, with a veteran staff running the campaign, and steadily picking up adherents in the labor unions, look like the winners of the gubernatorial race — barring a wholesale desertion to the Conservative banner.

The Democrats, starved for finances, because big labor unions — most notably the state AFL-CIO — are denying them funds by staying neutral or switching to Rockefeller, are in deep trouble with the road ahead all uphill.

BOATMEN'S PARADOX

CONSUMERS OF THE RIVER

WENDELL BERRY

Mr. Berry is a poet now living in Kentucky. His latest book is The Broken Ground (Harcourt, Brace & World).

We were awakened shortly after sunrise one Sunday morning by a woman's voice imitating a top sergeant over a public-address system. The amplifier was turned up to such volume that the sound seemed to come from all directions. The air was full of it. It could have been heard a mile away. Such a noise blasting into our sleep might have been alarming if it had not been so easy to guess the source: on the night before two cabin cruisers had tied up 100 yards or so downriver from our house, and this was their method of waking up. That morning it had to be our method too.

The P.A. system continued at full volume for maybe two hours: first the woman's strident sergeant imitation, waking up her fellow boatmen, and then radio music. Finally I went down to where the boats were tied and asked that the speaker be turned down, and was told by one of the boatmen: "We didn't know anybody lived around here."

There is no need to repeat all that was said, but the boatman made one other remark that surprised me. When I insisted that he had no right to create such a disturbance, he said: "We're on the river, you know."

I came home shortly after dark one night to see the light of a campfire on the shore of the river below the house, and when I stopped my car I could hear rock'n'roll coming up from a radio. Several men, their boats moored at the shore, were sitting around the fire, drinking and talking, their conversation enclosed in music there as it would have been in a bar. I told them they were welcome, and asked only that they carry off their bottles and other garbage.

One of the men replied: "Why, we're boatmen."

His tone implied that my request was so unnecessary as to be insulting—that boatmen were not only respectful of the river but, as a group, especially respectful of it.

The next morning when I went back the boats were gone, and the rocks were strewn with bottles and with plastic and paper trash. The place had hardly been used, much less

respected—it had been perched upon, befouled, ignored.

Our house stands on a slope overlooking the Kentucky River a few miles from its entrance into the Ohio at Carrollton. It has been a long time since this was a "natural river." A system of navigation locks and dams was built in the last century, and the land of the bottoms has been as intensively farmed as any in Kentucky. Yet, for those who know where and how to look, the valley still has a rich natural life. In the summers we see wood ducks and muskrats raising their young along the banks. The great blue heron fishes here. In the woods on the bluffs and around the sloughs there are still enough big trees for pileated woodpeckers to make a living. At night we often hear the awesome family talk of barred owls, or the barking of a fox. Occasionally we see deer. And beavers have begun to appear again on the banks of the river and its bigger tributaries where they were exterminated long before anybody now living can remember.

Here and there on the wooded slopes of the valley are tall open groves of a solemn beauty that keep, as if in a profound interior withheld from the ceaseless drone of engines, a fragment of the great quietness that two centuries ago lay upon the whole valley. The delicate flowers and mosses and ferns and the colorful mushrooms of the woods grow there. The voice of those places is that of the wood thrush, whose notes, without replacing the quiet, flow into it from some hidden perch—and into the hearing of whoever may be there, to attach itself like a clarifying emblem on the memory. In rainy times the streams step noisily and brilliantly down the rocky notches. If one can respond to the quiet of those places with quiet, and with enough attention, the woods will reveal its lives: squirrels and chipmunks leading the eyes into unsuspected places among the treetops and among roots and rocks and fallen logs on the ground; vireos and warblers singing and feeding in the dense foliage; water thrushes searching the edges of rocky pools.

Knowing this valley, once one has started to know it, is clearly no casual matter. Like all country places, it is both complex and reticent. It cannot be understood by passing through. It does not, like Old Faithful, gush up its inwards

on schedule so as not to delay the hurrying traveler. Its wonders are commonplace and shy. Knowing them is an endless labor and, if one can willingly expend the labor, an endless pleasure.

I am not sure how one would judge a valley or compare it to any other. I guess that this one must be as attractive as most. To me, because I have been its inhabitant and intimate, it is the most attractive of all. I know that among all the other lives it holds and promises there is the possibility of rich hours and days and lives for people.

I have known this valley all my life. From the first it has been a source of pleasure to me, an object of interest and curiosity, an attraction. Every day I am here I learn more about it, and the more I learn the more clearly I see that my knowledge of it is one of its fragments.

The one part of its history that I have known from the beginning is the pleasure-boat era. Since the end of World War II motorboats have increased from rarity to such prevalence that on summer holidays and weekends the traffic is comparable to that on a highway. There are days when the river will not grow quiet from the wake of one boat before it is disturbed again by the passing of another, and these boats frequently travel in groups of a dozen or two.

The episodes that begin these notes are not typical of the behavior of vacationers on this river. But I think that they are symptomatic, and that they clarify some of the meanings of the boating phenomenon, and I am disturbed by what I think those meanings are.

The generalization that the activities of the boatmen tend to support is that, in relation to the natural world, the pleasure of Americans can be destructive in the same way that their work has already proved to be. It is not, certainly, a conscious destructiveness. But in that very unconsciousness it becomes an aspect of one of our worst national failings: our refusal to admit the need to *be* conscious. Or to put it more meaningfully: our refusal to admit that unconsciousness, in our time, is almost inevitably destructive.

The destructiveness of the boatmen is of a peculiarly modern kind. It is essentially the same as the destructiveness of certain industries, and it has the same causes: the use of powerful machines, and the discarding of more or less imperishable refuse. The destructiveness of the boatmen differs from that of industry mainly in the sad paradox that the boatmen destroy what they supposedly want to keep. They do not intend to exploit or damage anything. They have come to enjoy the river—and their enjoyment of it damages it. They do not use it as a fisherman uses it, leaving it as it was; they use it as clothing is used, leaving it always a little worse for the wear. They are the consumers of the river.

The aspect of this destructiveness that has attracted most attention, and has finally become the object of a state law, is the dumping of trash into the water. Of all the boating offenses this is certainly the most noticeable, and in many ways it is the most disgusting. An amount of trash that would be a relatively minor eyesore on a highway will deface the river for miles, carried and dispersed on the currents. One Fourth of July, while we ate a picnic on the river bank, we watched a procession of bottles and cans and wadded papers from a lunch being served on a boat a few hundred yards up the shore. That sort of thing can give the open country a feeling of almost urban crowded-

ness. Much of the refuse that gets into the river is, of course, thrown in from the shores, and washed out of dumps by high water. But there is some that is just as certainly attributable to the boatmen. I have seen, for instance, whole table settings of paper and plastic dishes floating along together.

There is another concern which — because it has apparently received no attention, and because I am not a scientist — I can express only as a question: What effect is the turbulence of all this traffic having on the banks of the river? Of a wide river with gently sloping low banks this question would probably not need to be asked. But the Kentucky is narrow as navigable rivers go, its banks are high and extremely steep, and they are often composed largely of sand. Along such banks there will naturally be a continuous wearing by the current, but I think there is reason to suspect that this natural erosion is now being hastened by the wake of the boats. The waves particularly of the larger boats strike with great force, leaving the water muddy, and the wetted banks more vulnerable to the wake of the next boat. Some of the wearing in the banks seems clearly to have been caused by the lateral action of the waves rather than the longitudinal flowing of the current. And there is some crumbling to be seen along the banks in times of low water, when there is no current but a heavy traffic of boats. Officials in Frankfort have told me that no consideration is being given to this problem. In view of the likelihood that the number of pleasure boats will increase steadily for a long time, it seems to me that some consideration *should* be given to it.

This worry is hardly a part of the boatman's experience. Speeding along, he has before him a tranquil river scene, peaceful and enticing as if pictured in a tourist brochure. When the shores begin to churn and the water to cloud with mud from the violence of his passing, he is not there.

But not only are the holiday boatmen often careless of the river — they monopolize it. There is no such thing, apparently, as a slow pleasure boat. Even the large, awkwardly shaped houseboats are customarily equipped with powerful engines that send them along at cruiser speeds. When these boats take to the river in weekend numbers the pleasure of motorboating becomes the only possible pleasure. The use of a rowboat is possible, but hardly pleasant; canoeing can even be dangerous. Fishing, from a boat tossing and beating in the turbulence a cabin cruiser can stir up in a narrow stream, is simply impossible. Out on the river in a canoe or rowboat, it would be dangerous to act on the assumption that any approaching motorboat will do the common courtesy of slowing down. It is rare that one will do it. And even courtesy is curiously thwarted by the fact that the violence of the wake of some boats increases as they slow down.

From the confluence of its headwater streams at Beattyville to its mouth at Carrollton, the Kentucky River is 255 miles long. On a summer holiday this much river could accommodate many hundreds of canoes and rowboats and fishermen and swimmers, who could share it quietly and in some isolation from one another — the quiet and the isolation being, I assume, the reasons one would go to a river instead of an amusement park. But a hundred or less of these fast motorboats, evenly distributed over the length

of so narrow a river, will produce the effect of crowdedness, fill it with noise, and substantially reduce the pleasure and the safety of everybody else.

But suppose that the river is used not by a hundred of these boats but by several hundred, as it is on summer weekends and holidays. Suppose that some of these boats are broadcasting music or talk over amplifiers, as some do. Suppose some of them carry on their decks men and boys pot shooting with rifles, as they frequently do. It will be seen then, I think, what a disproportionate share of the good of the river is taken by them. It is not that the boatmen *want* to take so much. It is maybe more troubling to reflect that they take it automatically, thoughtlessly, simply because they go fast and make so much commotion.

There is another destructiveness involved in this sport that is less easy to understand, but which once explained may help to explain the rest. The use of these fast and powerful boats is not only destructive of the river and of the pleasure of other people; there is a sense, it seems to me, in which it is destructive of the pleasure of the boatmen themselves.

I know that if one of these men were asked to justify his sport he would certainly say that there is pleasure in the ownership and use of a fine boat, and that there is a pleasure in speed. I would agree. Some of those boats are indeed beautifully made; I understand the satisfaction there would be in the maintenance and use of one. And I also am a creature of the time and know the pleasure of going fast.

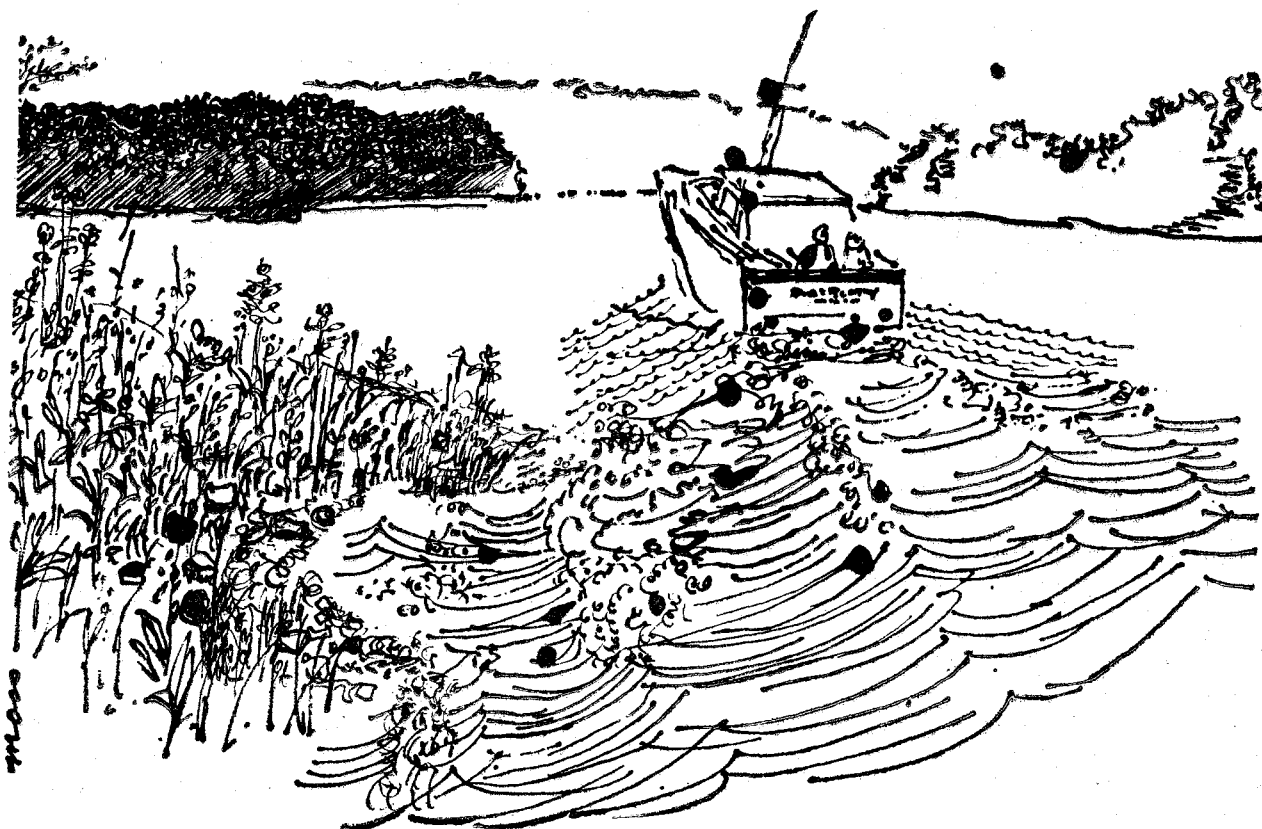
But then another question is suggested: If the handling and speed of the boat are the pleasures sought, then why should these people not be content to go round and round or up and down on a 10-mile course near their dock? Why should boatmen from Cincinnati and Louisville, who have

the wide Ohio to maneuver on, come to a comparatively remote stream like the Kentucky that is narrower, crookeder and more difficult?

The only answer I can think of involves another pathetic paradox. They come in search of peace and quiet, solitude, some restorative contact with the natural world. Which is a little like going in search of a forest with a logging crew. Once they get it, they no longer have it. They come to seek the stillness of a natural place, and their way of seeking assures the failure of their search. They seek relief from restlessness and anxiety in these expensive, fast, super-horsepowered boats, which are embodiments of restlessness and anxiety. They go toward their desire with such violence of haste that they can never arrive. They go to the country to rest, only to reproduce there the noise, haste, confusion — and, surely, the frustration — of city traffic.

The boatman's pursuit of pleasure is determined and limited not by his and his family's need but by the size and speed of his boat, and so he takes far more than he needs. It may be that he actually gets *less* pleasure because of taking so much. And the excess of his pleasure, useless to him, is useless to everybody else. Because he takes too much, he creates the possibility that others will have too little. The boatman, then, has become what more and more seems the ideal man of our society: a super-consumer — which is to say, a waster, a ruiner, a benefit to "the economy," a burden to the world.

The mentality that could support delusions so damaging to itself is strange to the world, alien to creation. It is like a dog that, chasing its own tail, catches it and bites it off. It is both a kind of madness and a kind of unconsciousness, so impenetrable by reason that I could not articulate the



questions it raises, much less find answers, until I began to reflect on the two statements of the boatman quoted in the first of these notes.

We didn't know anybody lived around here. They had come, one must suppose, in answer to the summons, still much alive in America, that brought some men to the frontier: the attraction of a wild uninhabited place. And the high wooded banks of this river had permitted an illusion that would have been dissipated by a glance at a road map, or even a moment's thought. *All of Kentucky is inhabited now.* The settlements have grown here for nearly 200 years. The wild country is gone, along with the Indians and the buffalo and the wolves and the elk and the passenger pigeons and the parakeets and nearly all the old forests and much of the fertility of the land. Kentucky is inhabited all right, and for the most part the inhabitants have treated it as if it were uninhabited, or soon would be.

We're on the river, you know. He meant, of course, that he was in a public place, not my place, and so I had no right to complain. But I think he meant more than that. A wild, uninhabited place, such as he wanted to believe he had come to, is by the definition of our frontier experience a free place. One has no bosses there, one is free of responsibility and can do purely according to pleasure. How illusory that is is proved by the fact that the country is inhabited and that some of the inhabitants objected to anyone's behaving as if it were not. How illusory it is, and how dangerous, is proved by American history: those pioneer forebears of ours, so attractively free of responsibility, not only settled the country but used up the fertility and wealth and beauty of it at a rate that made their lives a disgrace to them and a burden to us. It is invariably damaging when men with neighbors act on the presumption that they are alone. And we are seeing with greater clarity and greater sorrow every day that the most solitary have had neighbors, and that the loneliest have had heirs.

What has troubled me most and longest is that these people, having come within reach of the decent harmless restorative pleasures that I know to be possible here, are oblivious to them, as remote from them as if they were looking at panoramic shots of the valley on a movie screen.

Propelled at 20 or 30 miles an hour by a roaring engine, one can experience the country only as "scenery" — a painted landscape without life or sound. "Scenery," as we speak the word, involves an oversimplification and falsification of nature. It is landscape with all the vital details excerpted. It is the notion that permits the indulgence of our wish to prettify nature — to pretend that nature is represented by butterflies but not mosquitoes, sunrises and sunsets but not hot noons, moonlight but not darkness, life but not death. But to know the mountain, as John Marin said, it is necessary to know what is on the mountain's back. One must go close and be still. And that cannot be done with a motor, or with a motorized intelligence. At 20 or 30 miles an hour the countryside can be no more than the pretty package a vacation comes in — to be used like other packages, disposed of as soon as the contents is used up. It is hardly to be kept in mind after it has been used, which means that it is likely to be used carelessly, or even contemptuously.

At night the roar of the engine is replaced by the radio.

The watch fires of ancient travelers in the wilderness have their counterparts in the loudly playing radios of these modern voyagers. But it is no longer death that must be guarded against. It is life. What surrounds them now during their night stops is no longer the threat of attack by some enemy or large animal; it is nothing more than the life of the world as it is still serenely and persistently voiced in natural places at night in the sounds of the air and the water and the night creatures, each sound spaced, singled out, sur-



rounded by a silence infinitely greater than it is, reaching to the stars.

It is maybe most of all that silence that they are so intent to guard themselves against. And there is indeed a potential of terror in it. It raises, still, all the old answerless questions of origins and ends. It asks a man what is the use and the worth of his life. It asks him who he thinks he is, and what he thinks he's doing, and where he thinks he's going. In it the world and its places and aspects are apt to become present to him, the lives of water and trees and stars surround his life and press their obscure demands. The experience of that silence must be basic to any religious feeling. Once it is attended to, admitted into the head, one must bear a greater burden of consciousness and knowledge — one must change one's life. If one has nothing in oneself with which to respond it would be unbearable. If the silence within the man should be touched by the impenetrable silence that ultimately surrounds him, what might happen to the thin partition of flesh and possessions? How might they have to be looked on then?

In the face of that silence — enmeshed as he most likely is in the demands of a life in which the prevalent motive is to take all you can get, and the ultimate check is everybody else's determination to do the same — no wonder he turns on the radio. No wonder he opposes the river by

strewing on it his garbage and his noise. No wonder he goes as fast as he can. Pursued into the wilderness by questions he is afraid even to ask, no wonder he finds his comfort — to his bewilderment, surely — in what he thought he wanted to be free of: crowdedness and commotion and hurry and mess. He came to a natural place to be free of responsibility, only to receive from it the intimation that he cannot be free, that his life is surrounded by more demands and considerations than he can bear to admit.

Man cannot be independent of nature. In one way or another he must live in relation to it, and there are only two alternatives: the way of the frontiersman, whose response to nature was to dominate it, to assert his presence in it by destroying it; or the way of Thoreau, who went to the natural places to become quiet in them, to learn from them, to be restored by them. To know these places, because to know them is to need them and respect them and be humble before them, is to preserve them. To fail to know them, because ignorance can only be greedy of them, is to destroy them.

Nature has never permitted freedom from responsibility. The world is a most wakeful and exacting account keeper. Abusive and greedy lives are as certainly recorded on the face of the earth as they are said to be in the Book of Doomsday.

But that, the vacationing boatman seems often to conclude, is the world's fault, and to hell with it—and he dumps his breakfast plastic over the side.

The concern I have expressed here is justified less by the damage I have seen done than by the damage I believe certainly will be done if our minds do not change. For

boating and the other mechanized pleasures, like everything else in our country now, are on the increase, both in the number of participants and in the power of the equipment. In all that I have said there is an apprehension of the question: If we continue our attempt to enjoy the world, as well as live and work in it, with our need for space increased by many horsepower, and our population getting always bigger, where are we going to find the room? Such a question is not addressed to the possibility of control by law but to the consciences of persons. I do not believe that the abuse of the world can be stopped by law.

What I hope—and it is not an easy hope—is that people will begin to come into the countryside with a clearer awareness of why they come, of what they need from it and of what they owe it. I assume—and it is not an easy assumption—that the world must live in men's minds if men are to continue to live in the world.



THE SUPREME COURT AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS III

DISCOVERY OF EQUALITY

LEO PFEFFER

Mr. Pfeffer, special counsel to the American Jewish Congress and chairman of the Department of Political Science at Long Island University, is the author most recently of This Honorable Court: A History of the United States Supreme Court (Beacon).

Our Declaration of Independence asserts that all men are created equal and, according to Lincoln, it was to this proposition that our nation was dedicated. Nevertheless, except in one place, neither the Constitution nor the Bill of Rights mentions the word equal or equality, and in that instance it was for the purpose of effecting inequality of persons (by barring amendments depriving states of their equal representation in the Senate). The constitutional fathers were, of course, not oblivious to the institution of slavery. But they sought to protect rather than destroy it and did this by forbidding interference with the importation of slaves for twenty years (after which nature could be relied upon to provide an adequate supply) and by commanding the return of fugitive slaves. Yet they were not insensitive to what Gunnar Myrdal was later to call an

American dilemma—the contradiction of actual practice to the preachment in the Declaration of Independence—as is made evident by their careful avoidance of the word slaves or slavery, and their employment instead of such euphemisms as “other persons” or “persons held to service or labor.”

The first encounters the Supreme Court had with slavery occurred during Marshall's administration, but these were only preliminary skirmishes; the major encounter culminated in the most catastrophic decision ever handed down by the Supreme Court. Whether or not the Civil War was in any event inevitable, and as to this historians differ sharply, the Dred Scott decision made it so. It was considered by the American people to mean that under the Constitution, as interpreted by the Court, the peculiar institution was also a permanent one, changeable only by constitutional amendment (which the South's veto power made impossible) or armed force. (Ironically, this was the first decision in which the Supreme Court applied the Bill of Rights; a slave, Taney stated in his opinion, was property of which the owner could not be deprived without violating the Fifth Amendment.)

The end of the Civil War brought with it the Reconstruction Congress, that body of remarkable men who occupied the Capitol in the decade beginning in 1866. As Lincoln is the most unjustifiably sanctified figure in American history, the members of the Reconstruction Congress have been the most unjustly maligned. Notwithstanding the D. W. Griffith interpretation of history, the Reconstruction Congress was the noblest and certainly the most effective Congress in American history—if, for nothing else, for its adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment which is today the basis of perhaps 90 per cent of the appeals to the Supreme Court for the protection of personal rights and liberties.

The Fourteenth Amendment was, of course, not the only constructive product of the Reconstruction Congress; anti-Klan laws enacted by it are still the only even partly effective means of bringing some measure of justice to racists who murder Negroes and civil rights workers. But it was the amendment which put the word equal into the Bill of Rights and was conceived as the medium for assuring the Negro a full place in a free society.

Unfortunately, the nobility of purpose which motivated the Reconstruction Congress was short-lived and the conscience of Congress became dormant for more than four score years; from 1875 to 1957, not a single civil rights measure, even of the most modest kind, was enacted by Congress. The immediate and apparent cause for this extended hibernation was the Hayes-Tilden gentlemen's agreement of 1876 under which the Southern Democrats traded the Presidency for a free hand in their efforts to restore the South as far as possible to its ante-bellum patterns.

But the real cause was much deeper. Neither Hayes nor Congress could have brought reconstruction to its abortive end had not the American people themselves tired of the egalitarian drive which made reconstruction possible. From 1876 to 1929, Americans' all-consuming urge was to get as rich as possible in as short a time as possible. The pursuit of happiness meant the pursuit of the dollar, not of justice or equality for the Negro. After 1883, when the Supreme Court struck down the last civil rights measure of the Reconstruction Congress, a number of Northern states did enact measures forbidding racial discrimination in places of public accommodation, but these soon became dead letters. The lack of Northern concern for Negro equality is perhaps best shown by the fact that the defendant which gave its name to the 1954 decision that outlawed racial segregation in public schools was the Board of Education of Topeka, Kan.

In such a milieu it would have been unrealistic to expect the members of the Supreme Court to steer a course widely divergent from that of the general consensus, even if they had been inclined to do so, which, with the exception of the first Harlan, they were not. Like everyone else, the Court's primary concern was the protection and expansion of capitalism, and as its main instrument for this purpose it used the very Fourteenth Amendment that had been fashioned by the Reconstruction Congress to achieve equality for the Negro.

By the time the first major civil rights cases came to the Supreme Court, reconstruction was dead, and the Court

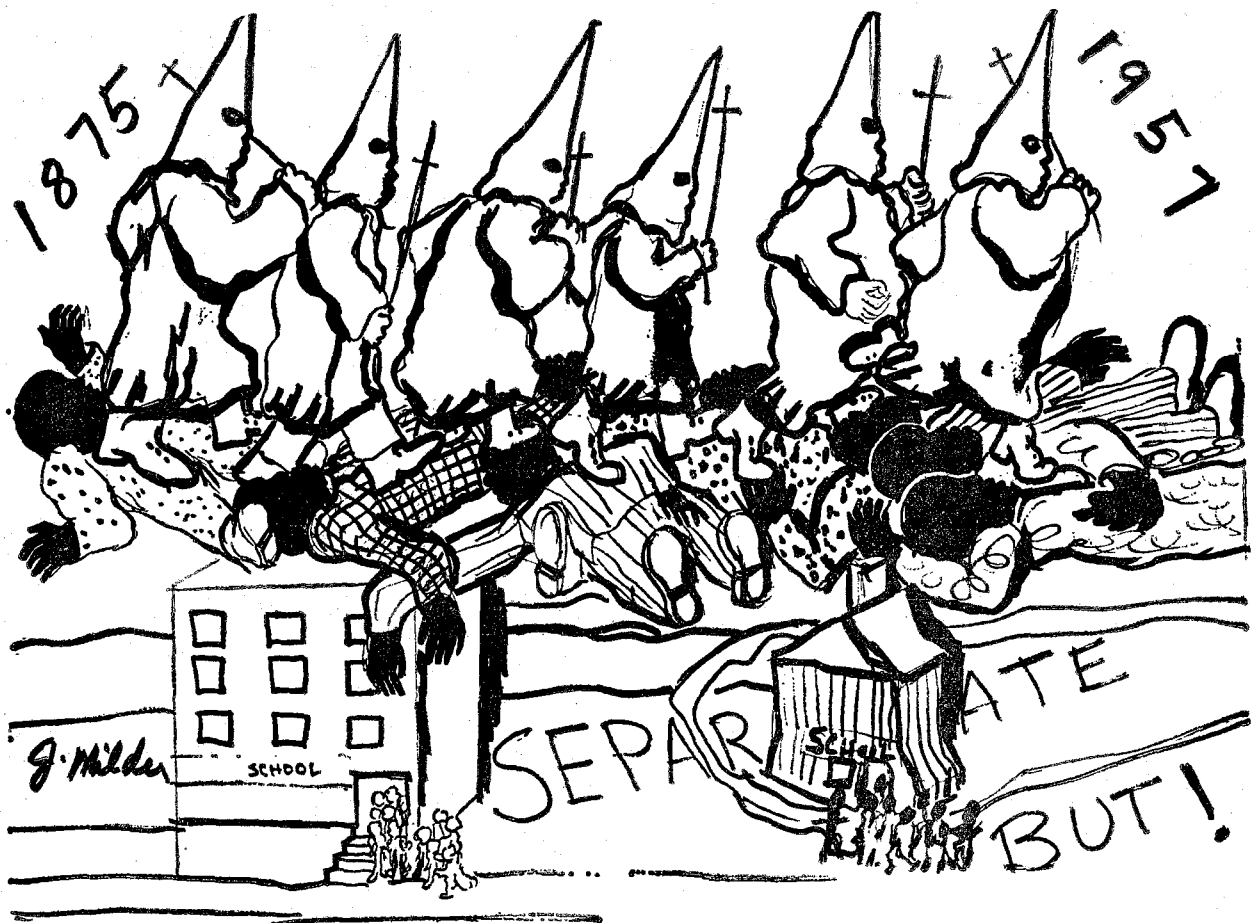
made no effort to revive it for some sixty years. In a few cases, the Court did pay minor obeisance to the ghost. In one case, it forbade the deliberate exclusion of Negroes from juries. In another, it outlawed the "grandfather clause" whose purpose it was to close the polls to illiterate Negroes while keeping them open for illiterate whites. In a third, it struck down a city ordinance which forbade Negroes to occupy houses in blocks the majority of whose residents were white. (It did this by upholding not the Negro's personal right to live where he wanted to but the owner's property right to sell his land for the highest price he could get.)

These, and most other similar efforts proved of negligible practical value, and in all instances the Court sanctioned the devices that made them so. In respect to the first, it allowed the use of voter-registration lists and other standards which effectively excluded Negroes from juries. For the second, it upheld the outright exclusion of literate as well as illiterate Negroes from primaries, the only elections in the one-party South having anything but ceremonial significance. As for the third, it upheld the validity and enforceability of gentlemen's agreements or racial restrictive covenants which were quite effective in keeping Negroes out of white neighborhoods.

The two principal instruments used by the Court to frustrate the hopes and intent of the Reconstruction Congress were the concepts of state action and separate-but-equal. Judicial decisions are not made by legal concepts but by the will of judges, operating within the limits imposed by the national tolerance and, to a considerably lesser extent, the precedents of prior judicial decisions. Had the Court not invented state action and separate-but-equal, it would assuredly have found or fashioned other concepts to achieve the same ends. But these two principles proved particularly efficacious in keeping the Negro in his place; the first is still viable and constitutes the most formidable barrier to a judicial attack upon *de facto* segregation.

The state action concept was first expressed in 1883 when the Court threw out an indictment framed under a key provision of one of the anti-Klan acts. The defendants were twenty members of a lynch mob who had seized four Negro prisoners held by a state deputy sheriff and beat them severely, killing one. The Court held the provision unconstitutional because the Fourteenth Amendment only forbids a state to deprive a person of life or liberty without due process of law and the lynch mob were private individuals unconnected with a state.

The *coup de grâce* came later in the same year. A number of individuals were indicted under the Civil Rights Law of 1875 for denying hotel and theatre accommodations to Negroes, and a railroad was sued for rejecting a Negro woman passenger. (The hotel and theatre were in San Francisco and New York; only the railroad was in a Southern state, Tennessee.) The Court held the law unconstitutional because the amendment forbids only states from denying persons the equal protection of the laws, and the hotel, theatre and railroad owners were private citizens. (Later, the Court held political parties to be private associations, like social clubs, and could therefore find no state action in their white primaries. Nor could it find state ac-



tion in the enforcement of restrictive covenants not to sell houses to Negroes.)

The separate-but-equal principle was announced in 1896, when the Court upheld a Louisiana law requiring all railroads to provide separate coaches for white and colored passengers and making it a criminal offense for a person of one race to sit in a coach reserved for members of the other race. So long as the facilities were equal, the Court said, it did not violate the Fourteenth Amendment that they be separate. The Court's tolerance in applying separate-but-equal is illustrated by a decision wherein it upheld the action of a local school board which, finding that maintenance of separate high schools for whites and Negroes imposed a severe burden on the taxpayers, decided temporarily to suspend the colored high school—although of course it did not permit the colored children to attend the white school. Since, the Court said, the evidence did not conclusively establish that the school board has acted out of hostility to the colored race, or out of a belief that in any event a primary school education is all that Negro children should have, it would not intervene.

Thus the situation stood at the time of the revolution of 1937 which transformed the Court from the nation's principal defender of property rights to its chief protector of personal liberties. It was in the area of equality for Negroes that the Court first entered into its new role and most consistently and effectively executed it. The Great Depression of the early thirties and the anti-Nazi ideological conflict at the end of the decade gave the American people a

new perspective on the relative values of property and human rights, and the Court recognized and responded to this before Congress and the President did. Moreover, in taking up where the Reconstruction Congress left off in 1876, it filled a void left by the default of both the legislative and Executive branches of government. It was not until 1964 that Congress enacted a substantial Civil Rights Law, but by that time the Court had for more than a quarter of a century been engaged in seeking to achieve equality for the Negro.

It started modestly in 1938, when it held that the separate-but-equal requirement was not fulfilled by providing a law school for white students at the University of Missouri and sending Negro student to a more northern state which maintained an integrated law school at its university, even if Missouri offered to pay the travel, living and tuition expenses for its Negro would-be lawyers. Six years later, the Court began to search more imaginatively for state action in discriminatory conduct. Overruling its prior decision, it held that a political party is not a private association and its white primaries are forbidden by the Fourteenth Amendment.

Thereafter, the decisions came with increasing frequency, and almost never did a challenge to racial discrimination or segregation receive anything but an affirmative response from the Court. Again overruling a prior decision (during this period judicial precedents fell thick and fast), the Court found state action in judicial enforcement of racial restrictive covenants and told realtors and home owners that they would thereafter have to rely on a gentleman's

word for the enforcement of a gentlemen's agreement. Then it held that a state could not postpone according a professional education to a Negro applicant until an all-Negro school would be completed; to assure constitutional equality it either had to admit the Negro to the all-white school or close that school until the Negro school was ready. Shortly thereafter, it held that in any event separate-but-equal did not apply to professional or postgraduate institutions such as law schools.

The climax came in 1954 when the Court overruled a sixty-year-old precedent and held that separate-but-equal could no longer be applied to elementary and secondary education, and in a series of subsequent decisions held that it was equally inapplicable to all facilities or services furnished by government, directly or indirectly. Although exhibiting considerable patience in the rate of desegregation in Southern schools, it withstood Governor Faubus' attempted defiance at Little Rock and made it clear that its patience was not endless, with the result that there is today at least token integration in the public schools of every state in the Union, even Mississippi and Alabama. It refused to allow evasions of its decisions by municipal leasing of facilities to private individuals, and stretched traditional legal concepts almost to the breaking point in according constitutional protection to sit-ins and other peaceful civil rights demonstrations. After Congress had timorously adopted a constitutional amendment forbidding poll taxes in federal elections, the Court, without benefit of amendment or statute, outlawed poll taxes in state and municipal elections as well.

In one area, that of *de facto* segregation, it has refused to intervene. While it has rejected challenges to legislative and administrative efforts aimed at such segregation, it has until now refused to extend the concept of state action to impose an affirmative obligation upon the states to eliminate it. It is not that the conceptual barrier is insurmountable; a Court which has interpreted freedom of speech to encompass non-speech, and freedom of religion to encompass atheism, would not have too much difficulty in interpreting action to encompass inaction—indeed the Court has in effect done that in the malapportionment cases.

More likely, the Court has concluded, at least implicitly, that there are certain limits to what it can do and that some problems are simply not amenable to judicial solution. The Negro community too appears to be coming to the same conclusion. Increasingly it is expressing dissatisfaction and impatience with what has been accomplished by litigation, and is asserting greater reliance on self-help, popularly what is unfortunately called black power.

Yet even here the Court has made what time will show to be an invaluable contribution. Its anti-malapportionment decisions have begun to shift the focus of political power from the countryside to the cities, and the Negroes are becoming increasingly an urban people. The Catholics and Jews were able to rise on the socio-economic ladder in no small measure because they are city dwellers and are able effectively to exercise their political power as well-organized interest groups. It is only a question of time before the Negroes will be able to do the same. When this happens, the Court will have accomplished the task that it has assumed for itself, the achievement of true equality by the

Negro in fulfillment of the purpose and intent of the Reconstruction Congress and the Americans who gave their lives in the Civil War.

IN CONCLUSION

The Bill of Rights has been part of the American Constitution now for 175 years. It took almost a century and a half for the Supreme Court to recognize its existence, but when it did get around to doing this it quickly made itself the nation's chief guardian of that great document. In one respect—the protection of the right to dissent during periods of political crisis—its performance has been less than could be hoped for, though perhaps not much less than could be realistically expected. In the other areas of American liberties—freedom of nonpolitical expression, justice to persons accused of crimes, and the achievement of equality for the Negro and other racial minorities, it has in the last quarter century discharged faithfully and effectively the responsibilities imposed upon it by the generation that adopted the Bill of Rights.

LETTERS (continued from page 370)

But Professor Smart did not choose to relate today's tragedy to the *Trib's* contemporary role; instead he . . . left the impression that Jock Whitney was forced to pay up for past anti-union sins, certainly the most mythical of Marxist Sunday school lessons. . . .

The complicated truth is that we have all lost, and it serves no useful purpose to create illusions that the bad guys finally got what was coming to them.

Robert B. Dennis

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: The passing of the *Herald Tribune* deserved better at the hands of *The Nation* than the slapdash analysis by Prof. James G. Smart. . . .

The paper was bold, progressive, interesting and newsworthy. It molded minds that could disagree with ideas in a magazine like *The Nation*, and yet defend the right to express those ideas. . . .

To assert that an alleged ancient "alienation from the causes of humanity" helped to bring down this giant of journalism is really to raise questions about the qualifications of the author.

Theodore R. Kupferman, Congressman,
17th Cong. District, Manhattan

logic of feeling

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: The wit of Robert Elegant's article on China ["The Enormous Revival Meeting," *The Nation*, Oct. 3] is a pleasure, and is in itself a powerful argument, reminding us how valuable are some of the things which the Communists set themselves to destroy. Perhaps it is the only serious argument in the article. Mr. Elegant finds it absurd, even hilariously illogical, that the Chinese should undertake to withstand a U. S. attack which they are convinced will occur. He finds it quite clear that they will depend on fanaticism, as it is quite clear that they must. And here one comes to the limitations of the clever journalist; Mr. Elegant should not concern himself so exclusively with what is logical, since he means by that word what people *should* feel. Surely he must pay some attention, at least, to what it is that people in fact do feel. The fact is unquestionably going to be of some importance.

George Oppen

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Fixer in Another Country

THE FIXER. By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 335 pp. \$5.75.

DONALD FANGER

The author of *Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism* (Harvard University Press), Mr. Fanger teaches Slavic and comparative literature at Stanford University.

All of Bernard Malamud's considerable strengths as a writer are in this new novel. His hero, as before, is what used to be called a "little" man, modest, long-suffering, intelligent, good-hearted, poor; aspiring, innocently and against the odds, to a new life; resourceful in dealing with what fate brings him — which is usually more trouble. Malamud's characters are almost random pieces of larger communal destinies, made triumphantly concrete through a language that captures a sensibility, a complex of attitudes toward life and the self and the world. If he writes about "unimportant" people, his eye is always on the important things. In this he is like the 19th-century Russians. And *The Fixer* is set in Russia: for the first time, the Malamud hero is shown in direct confrontation with history.

He has not, of course, willed it ("I don't want people pitying me or wondering what I did to be so cursed. I did nothing. It was a gift. I'm innocent," he says of his life — before the catastrophe). Thirty-year-old Yakov Bok, handyman, freethinker, Jew — destitute, abandoned by his young wife — leaves the *shtetl* for Kiev early in 1911. The *shtetl*, he says, is a prison; it's time to try elsewhere. Into the dangerous world he leaps.

After a period of living from hand to mouth, bad luck brings him a good job. He has saved a drunken anti-Semite from freezing to death on the street, accepts work from him, assumes a Russian alias, and lives outside the area permitted to ordinary Jews. Made supervisor of the Russian's brickyard, he begins to save money against possible emigration to America. Preparing to flee when the murder of a Russian boy threatens to become the pretext for a pogrom, Yakov is arrested, and exchanges his metaphorical prison for a real one.

The greater part of the novel is an account of his sufferings in prison, over an incredible thirty-month period, while a set of corrupt and reactionary offi-

cials concoct an indictment of ritual murder against all the Jews of Russia, whose representative the unlucky Bok turns out to be — "the accidental choice for the sacrifice."

The story of Yakov Bok is based on the notorious case of Mendel Beiliss, of which several substantial accounts exist in English, including Beiliss' own, published in New York in 1926. What is of interest here is not what Malamud has taken from the historical record, but what he has changed, and why.

He has, in the first place, given a focus to a complex political situation by limiting his narrative to Bok's point of view (brilliantly rendered). A *cause célèbre* is thus seen from the inside; nothing is reported but what Bok does, sees, thinks and feels. This means, among other things, that where Beiliss actually received considerable support, both inside and outside Russia, Malamud's Bok gets (or learns of) very little. Beiliss' long and dramatic trial ended in acquittal for him (he subsequently emigrated, first to Palestine, then to America), but Malamud's novel stops with Bok in a carriage on the way to the courthouse, the outcome left forever in doubt. Not his trial but his trials are the main thing: "He had learned, it wasn't easy; the experience was his; it was worse than that, it was he. He was the experience. It also meant that now he was somebody else than he had been, who would have thought it?"

The emphasis on lessons learned through suffering suggests Dostoevsky, and perhaps Tolstoy as well. But Malamud's novel is resolutely anti-Dostoevskian. What special value can suffering have for a man who has known it, in one form or another, all his life? "Suffering I can gladly live without," Yakov thinks, "I hate the taste of it." Dostoevsky saw suffering as the price of final happiness in Christian brotherhood, but Yakov Bok can see it only as the price of Jewish endurance, the price of hope, something to be gotten through. "You suffer for us all," his lawyer tells him, "I would be honored to be in your place." But Bok knows better: "It's without honor. . . . It's a dirty suffering." As for the Tolstoyan counsel to be patient, since the truth must eventually come out, Bok can only sigh: "And till then, what of my wasted youth?"

The change his suffering brings about boils down, as he puts it, to this: that he fears less and hates more — which is to say that he has perceived the need for the politics he had shunned, for active struggle against a government that destroyed a Jew's freedom "by reducing his worth." Where the characters of the later Dostoevsky and Tolstoy come to accept their individual guilt, Malamud's hero comes to accept instead his human responsibility: to create morality. Levin, in *A New Life*, records his belief that "the main source of conscious morality [is] love of life, anybody's life. Morality [is] a way of giving value to other lives through assuring human rights." This is why there are so many hauntings in Malamud's works: they are moral tests. "Am I responsible for you then, Susskind?" an American in one of the Roman stories asks the nervy stranger who has invaded his life. "Who else?" Susskind replies. "You know what responsibility means? . . . Then you are responsible."

In embroiling his fixer with politics so directly, Malamud has broadened his previous theme (the struggle of character and circumstance, the gradual perception that the two are inseparable) and put a whole society to the test. There are two "fixers" in the book: the Czar, who has condoned this attempt to "fix" Bok, and Bok himself, the humble repairman. Both are representative figures.

But the main success of the novel lies in the creation of Bok, free of any false pathos or any false grandeur. In his intelligent simplicity, his sanity, his humor, he is — if the expression is allowable — a kind of Jewish Everyman. Consider his musings on sex, as he waits for the daughter of his anti-Semitic benefactor, in her bedroom:

Should I stay or should I go? . . . On the one hand it's been a long season without rain. A man is not a man for nothing. What do the Hasidim say? "Hide not from thine own flesh." On the other hand what does this mean to me? At my age it's nothing new. It means nothing.

Or on love, as he recalls his proposal to his wife:

"Why don't you talk?" I said. "Say yes or no." "Why don't you say love?" she said. "Who talks about love in the *shtetl*?" I asked her. "What are we, millionaires?" I didn't say so, but it's a word that makes me

nervous. What does a man like me know about love? "If you don't love me I can't marry you," she answered me. But by then the father had his nose in my ear. "She's a doll, a marvelous girl, you can't go wrong. . . ." So I said love and she said yes.

Bok is admirable; the book is admirable — a chilling and engrossing experience. If it inspires any reservations only the extent of its success entitles us to speak of them.

In *The Fixer*, Malamud has demonstratively staked a claim in the territory of the great "classical" novelists, abandoned Chekhovian themes for those of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy (not to mention Kafka). How is innocence to cope with monstrous and ramified accusations? What is the meaning of suffering? Does God exist, and (to put it crudely) what difference does the answer make? Though Malamud's material is historical rather than contemporary, there is still the possibility of saying a new word, simply by

virtue of his non-Christian attitude to these questions.

Here, however, art seems to demand more than life. The drama of Yakov Bok, for all its impressiveness, is straightforward and uncomplicated. "One thing I've learned," he reflects on the last page, "there's no such thing as an unpolitical man, especially a Jew" — but the lesson seems out of proportion to the suffering that has produced it. We are startled not by dramatic revelation but by its absence. The character has changed too little — because there has been too little to change. With justice the only issue in the novel, with no character shifting his moral position in the course of the book, with the story itself that rare case — a struggle in which right and wrong are absolute — the chances for spiritual drama are pretty rigidly bounded.

Sinned against but not sinning, miserable but without cause for remorse, denying God without guilt or ill effect, whole, healthy, decent — Yakov Bok is the hero of a memorable story that is pitiful and terrible, yet deliberately anti-tragic.

ing must be alienated from sensation, thought severed from belief, if the author's voice is to master the unbearable world it confronts.

Torn from the confines of the *shtetl*, the Jew is set loose in that world as victim-accuser, a suffering Everyman compulsively engaging God to remind Him of his existence. Since the fact of his life is a triumph over the indifference of the world, his destiny is dramatically self-contained. He is both the living repository of his people's legends and the sole interpreter of their meaning. His actions are so bound by their historic implications that they become ritual at the moment of commission. But while his movement in the world is choreographed by its symbolic necessity, his imagination is free to dart among the dreams and memories, desires and fears that assert his uniqueness.

In *Dawn*, the second of Wiesel's books, the hero called Elisha has moved from the death camp to Palestine. His imagination has been awakened by a dedicated Zionist who appears to him as a messenger out of the Hasidic legends bridging heaven and earth to make him understand his fate. No longer will he be humiliated, persecuted and pitied — the captive of an indifferent world. But Palestine is a great prison and he is placed in its innermost cell. A Jewish underground fighter has been captured by the British and sentenced to death; and in reprisal a British officer is to die at the moment the Jew's life is taken. Elisha is made the instrument of this ritual blood-letting. He is assigned to kill the British officer. Fate has come full circle and Elisha is still a victim. He is both executioner and the innocent man he must kill. Human experience has been polarized, and he is forced to play his role in the minute space that separates the extremes.

As in all of Wiesel's novels, the physical world is reduced to its most suggestive essentials. In *Dawn* the hero is confined to a room above the basement where he must perform his act. Outside, the night is the faces of the dead he has known. The sum of their lifeblood is the inheritance of the survivor, and his act consecrates their death and gives it meaning.

It is in *The Accident* that the defects in Wiesel's art are most apparent. The narrator has moved to New York as a correspondent for an Israeli newspaper. Here he is nameless and his suffering is abstracted from the world in which he lives. He feels himself to be just a messenger of the dead among the living. Within the first few pages of the novel he is struck by a cab and taken to a hospital where a team of surgeons

Survivor's Heritage

LAURENCE GOLDSTEIN

Mr. Goldstein is on the staff of A.B.C. Television News and is a book critic and film writer.

Elie Wiesel's first book *Night* etches with painful fury his childhood in the death camps of Auschwitz and Buchenwald. It is at once a document of the suffering of a people and a revelation of the growth of a child to manhood in a world suddenly emptied of all values except survival. Since the child is a mystic, a passionate Talmudic student devoted and trembling before his elusive God, his life harmonizes with that of his people, and his voice resonates with their expectation of deliverance. When that world is wrenched from him, he becomes both witness and victim, arbiter and accuser. He stands between his God and his suffering world; the shadow of his faith eclipsing each. *Night* is God's silence, and the Nazis merely faceless echoes of that silence. Survival becomes a terrible assertion of self, a sigh howling against the dying of the world. To live in the death camp one must choose to live, and that choice is blasphemy in a malignant universe. Finally, man is left with his broken body and dreams to salvage his place among the legends. He must rediscover himself by testing his limited expectations. Although he has not lost his God, he must create out of the pain and numbness a new ex-

The Novels of Elie Wiesel

NIGHT. Translated from the French by Stella Rodway (1960). Hill & Wang. 116 pp. \$3.

DAWN. Translated from the French by Frances Frenaye (1961). Hill & Wang. 90 pp. \$3.

THE ACCIDENT. Translated from the French by Anne Borchardt (1962). Hill & Wang. 120 pp. \$3.

THE TOWN BEYOND THE WALL. Translated from the French by Stephen Becker (1964). Atheneum Publishers. 179 pp. \$3.95.

THE GATES OF THE FOREST. Translated from the French by Frances Frenaye (1966). Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 226 pp. \$4.95.

perience that will keep his God from vanishing among the unforgettable faces of the thousands whose bodies he saw turn into "wreaths of smoke beneath a silent blue sky."

This is where the novels of Wiesel begin. His total work records the fitful journey of man across the ravaged landscape of the postwar world. Wiesel's language must mitigate the terrible reality it describes or each sentence would become an uncontrollable accusation. Feel-

saves his life. Against his will his body heals and he is forced to live with the terrors of his past. From the confinement of his hospital bed his memory reaches out and seizes upon the dead, crippled and tortured souls he has known. He clings to his grandmother, dead in the gas chambers, wearing her black shawl "that seems to hold the nights and days of the universe." She is the enveloping past informing his life with the substance of death. Even his relationship with the woman who loves him becomes subject to the icy expectations of the dead. The only true contact he maintains with the living becomes a parody of the brutalized past. The act of love must be deliberately turned into a ritual of suffering, passion wedded to death, before it can be consummated.

With no dramatic support but the narrator's tormented memories, the chamber of horrors begins to take on the cast of a wax museum. Episodes and fragments are inserted that obviously shock but do not grow from the consciousness of a man reworking and defining their meaning with the fevered determination of the earlier novels. They remain, even within the context of his life, isolated events. There is a long passage about a girl who was made a prostitute by the Nazis at the age of 12. The story is harrowing, but it has no meaning beyond its telling. Without a defined dramatic structure and a narrative sensibility that interprets, deciphers and explores within that structure, the story becomes anthologized and fixed within its own terms. The narrator's feelings, which bridge each story, move to the edge of hysteria, while his intelligence reduces emotions to aphorisms. This is the great danger in Wiesel's art. His search among the charred bodies of his past is so compulsive and impassioned that it risks becoming too private a document. The suffering he relives is so elemental that it must cohere as myth to move his readers beyond pity.

In *The Town Beyond the Wall*, Wiesel's finest novel, the journey of the hero is the progress of the human soul, from guilt and alienation, to test the limits of compassion and understanding. It is an attempt to seize the last human ember from the ashes of the crematorium and fan it into a flame held up to the silent lips of God Himself.

As in all Wiesel novels, the hero is confined to a prison whose walls give structure to the universe. But imprisonment is no longer entombment. It is the cavern in which old legends echo and seek release as new truths. Michael, who has survived the concentration camps with the memory of the world as an indifferent witness to his suffering, returns to the

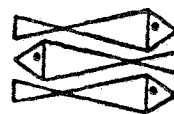
Hungarian town of his childhood to find The Other; the bland, banal, bored face in the window who watched as the Jews perished, whose passionless eyes watched and wanted only peace and quiet. The village is under Soviet occupation and the journey is a dangerous one. He is smuggled into the town by a close friend, and he searches the remotely familiar streets remembering his youthful love of a God whose glory was to become a shadow in the empty eyes of a spectator. When Michael finds The Other, his festering accusations evoke neither pity nor remorse; and The Other betrays him to the police, finally demanding Michael's hatred. Michael responds with the cruelty of forgiveness.

Michael's encounter with The Other is threaded among the strands of his consciousness while he is being tortured. The police want him to betray his friend Pedro who has brought him into the country; and he is stood before a wall so his legs will turn numb and he will scream out the name of his friend. The torture is called the prayer because Jews pray standing. Michael endures by savagely pursuing to the edge of madness the God who has abandoned him.

His agony is a metaphor for the quest which drives him to understand the depth of his friendship with Pedro. Through that friendship he discovers new possibilities in addressing God. His love for Pedro softens his accusations as his imagination reaches out to his friend in a dialogue that embraces the God he had condemned. Finally, Michael triumphs over his torture and preserves the integrity of his friendship by refusing to pronounce his friend's name. He is placed in a cell with a young boy who is barely sane. He fights desperately for the boy's sanity, entreating him to cling to humanity: to realize that evil is human, weakness is human — but indifference is not. In struggling for the boy Michael saves himself. He has found new truth in the legend in which the roles of God and man are reversed and the universe is charged with the ancient dialogue filled, most of all, with infinite yearning. Michael tells the boy: "Ask me who I am and I'll answer, 'I'm Pedro.' And that will be proof that man survives, that he passes himself along. Later, in another prison, someone will ask your name and you'll say, 'I'm Michael.' And then you will know the taste of the most genuine of victories."

The extent of that victory is tested in Wiesel's most recent novel, *The Gates of the Forest*. It begins with the hero's gift of his Jewish name Gavriel, which means Man of God, to a stranger as an offering of friendship. Gavriel then as-

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Bernard Malamud

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Isaac Bashevis Singer

IN MY FATHER'S COURT. "In this heartwarming account, the luminous novelist and fabulist returns in memory to the sources of his art . . . The dramas enacted in his boyhood home seem like scenes straight out of his mature fiction." —*Newsweek*. 5th printing. \$5.50

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sumes the Christian name of Gregor. Together they inhabit a cave hidden from the Nazis until the stranger, "Gavriel," allows himself to be captured to save his friend. Gregor escapes and finds refuge in the house of an old family servant. Because she passes him off as the mute son of her lost sister, the villagers confide in him without fear of betrayal. But Gregor is cast in a play as Judas, and in that role he finally speaks out demanding the village to chant after him that "Judas is innocent and we humbly implore his forgiveness." The villagers rise up against him to tear out his tongue and protect their secrets from one another. He is saved only by the authority of the mayor who brings him to Jewish partisans hiding in the woods. He soon persuades the underground to try to rescue Gavriel, but they fail and their leader, who is a childhood friend of Gregor, perishes as a result of the attempt. Gregor falls in love with his dead friend's mistress; after the war, they marry and settle in a ghetto section of Brooklyn. He becomes involved with the Hasidim, the most devout of the Jews, to understand the meaning of his guilt and God's. Finally, after a hallucinatory encounter with Gavriel, he reclaims his name and begins his painful journey back to the community of men.

Wiesel's novel unfolds in a series of stories that move its hero through trials on which nothing less than salvation itself depends. Naked and vulnerable before his God and man's hellish world, severed even from his name, he must re-create himself in the formless void and darkness that is God's silence. Again the roles of man and God are reversed: the past becomes present, objects lose the shape of the words that hold them, and identity flows and merges with that of all mankind. Madness, the total dislocation of sensibility, is the only hope of brutalized man and the final promise of redemption.

As a mute, Gregor absorbs the words and the darkest passions of men. To them he represents the fragile edge of consciousness "where words and images float freely, unconnected to the shore." When he finally speaks out as Judas in mockery of the self-righteous Christianity that has perverted the Jew's relationship with God, he forces men to enact the cruel parody of their religious rite by offering his blood to expiate their crimes.

When Gregor himself betrays a friend and causes his death, the betrayal is accidental, but he accepts the responsibility. To live is to betray the dead; to survive is to cast one's lot with the executioner. His love for his dead friend's mistress is the final obscenity. In that love, which is man's only triumph, must reside the inevitable assumption of guilt. But it is only at the end of the war, in the heart

of a Hasidic community in Brooklyn, when his love has been eroded by the guilt, that Gregor demands the return of his name. Tearing at the foundations of the temple that has harbored him, twisting his faith in judging the faith of others, Gregor reclaims his name. "I am what I choose to be; I am in my choice, in my will to choose." With that final assertion he has wrested his identity back from God. The act and the image are one; the self realized in its possibilities.

The art of Elie Wiesel is shaped by necessity to assert in myth the substance

of man's perishable triumphs. The novels are written with a possessive reverence for language that treats the word as Law and the story as a complex melody celebrating and redeeming the ferocity of man's will to survive. They are driven by an ardor that gives form to the terrible passions that play beneath the surface of civilization. Wiesel has extracted the drama rooted in legend and bent it to the shape of man's search for identity. Masterfully, passionately, desperately, he has dredged from the horror of the holocaust a vision of man as moving as his suffering and as powerful as his survival.

In the Shtetl of Bilgoray

IN MY FATHER'S COURT. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 307 pp. \$5.50.

JULES CHAMETZKY

Mr. Chametzky is associate professor of English at the University of Massachusetts and editor of The Massachusetts Review. He will be on leave during 1966-67 to teach at the University of Zagreb in Yugoslavia.

In My Father's Court (Beth Din in the Yiddish original) brings together as a memoir a series of sketches I. B. Singer wrote for the *Jewish Daily Forward* about his childhood years. His father, a Hasidic rabbi, held court in Warsaw just before and during the First World War. For anyone interested in the mind and art of Singer — as who is not these days? — the book is indispensable.

The "memoir" aspect of the work is rendered brilliantly and with masterly economy. There are wonderful vignettes of this lost world of Warsaw Jewry — coal dealers and wagon drivers, bakers, thieves, minor Hasidic *schnorrers*, *shmegeggs* and saints. The last third of the book comprises a more or less connected narrative (the earlier portion is largely episodic) — from the shot at Sarajevo and the reactions to that by Singer's family and community, through the hunger of the war years in Warsaw, toward the return, with his mother, to the old family village of Bilgoray. This return was of immense importance to Singer: in the *shtetl* of Bilgoray he encountered the past. It was a place in which "time seemed to flow backwards," and the writer-to-be found "in this world of old Jewishness a spiritual treasure trove." In this end, we know, was a beginning — for without that experience, much of *The Slave*, *The Magician of Lublin*, *Satan in Goray* and many of Singer's shorter

pieces would not have been possible.

But even more fundamental than the theme of "a return" that informs the last section of the book, is the dialectic of growth within the young boy. On the one hand there is the example of the father, scholarly and serene, although "just a few feet away from him, abominations were being committed"; on the other, the influence of his brother Israel Joshua, "boy philosopher," young Socialist, budding artist and journalist — the encounter between the old unworldly pieties and the Enlightenment. Through this confrontation, the boy learns to distrust the things of this world — a world in itself *tref* (not kosher) — but also to marvel at and immerse himself in its wonders.

Aside from this engrossing aspect of the book — the record of a most gifted man's spiritual and emotional growth — we are privileged to see into the workshop of an artist: that rich store of impression, incident, remembered scene and snatch of dialogue to which the novelist will later give fictional point in more extended narrative. But as a writer and Jew, Singer must have felt keenly the difficulty and poignance of rendering much of the material in this book. In his introduction, Singer calls *In My Father's Court* a literary experiment of sorts — an attempt, he says, "to combine two styles — that of memoirs and that of belles-lettres." In saying this, Singer may be betraying some uneasiness or uncertainty about his material and its treatment. If one is an honest writer and a good man, what is one to make of that lost world? If it were "only" an honest memoir (and not an act of filial piety), there would be the danger of advertising for one's self — did all that exist, and perish, for the writer's development only? How outrageous. And if only belletristic?

The superficiality would speak for itself. What then to do with that rich and complicated world of East European Jewry — benighted and exalted, mean and glorious, criminally backward, yet wrapped in millennia of culture — so actively present, alive, *there* at one time, now irrevocably, brutally liquidated? To memorialize is one possible response.

Singer presents some sketches that may be justified simply on those grounds: so and so lived, did such and such — and no moral or point is or can be drawn. It is an act of naming, a recording. "May these memoirs serve as a monument," he concludes one tale, "to him and his like, who lived in sanctity and died as martyrs." If some of the sketches seem inconclusive, perhaps that is the point —

any more artistic shaping would be sacrilegious. Though Singer ends only two of his forty-nine sketches by noting that such Jews as he writes about were killed by the Germans, that knowledge of course always exists beneath his and our consciousness. Such knowledge must not be lost — yet it can be, as other Yiddish writers have found, a paralyzing awareness. How to reclaim the indispensable past — *this* past — without false sentimentality, without frozen and conventional responses, and without dishonor to the dead? That, I think, is the true nature of the "literary" experiment Singer assays in this memoir. The last word in the book is "love," and it is with love, dignity and restraint that Singer walks his difficult tightrope and achieves the miracle of art.

The Cool of Jakov Lind

LANDSCAPE IN CONCRETE. By Jakov Lind. Translated from the German by Ralph Manheim. Grove Press. 190 pp. \$4.50.

IRVING HALPERIN

Mr. Halperin is a professor of English at San Francisco State College. He has recently returned from two years in Germany and Israel, researching the literature of the holocaust, for a book in progress. His articles and fiction have appeared in many publications.

Although Jakov Lind has written only two books; *Soul of Wood*, a collection of short stories published two years ago, and his current novel, *Landscape in Concrete*, he has already acquired a considerable reputation. Within the critical view which holds that the sufferings and horrors of World War II should not — and perhaps cannot — be rendered by direct emotional involvement, but rather obliquely, dryly and, above all, coolly, Lind has been widely praised for his style, fantasy and lunatic humor.

Certainly these qualities are conspicuous throughout *Landscape in Concrete*. The protagonist, Gauthier Bachmann, a Wehrmacht sergeant in the last days of the Second World War, goes on a macabre odyssey in search of his regiment from which he was separated on the Russian front. Army doctors have discharged Bachmann after finding him mentally unfit, but this ruling does not deter him from wanting to rejoin his regiment and to fight for the honor and glory of the fatherland. The novel charts a series of adventures which befall Bachmann along the route of his search. In France, he is tricked into shooting a

homosexual Wehrmacht cook who deserted his unit. In Narvik, Norway, on orders from a vindictive quisling, he shoots four members of a prominent local family. Returning to Germany, he is declared sane by another board of army doctors. As the story closes, Bachmann is still determined to find his regiment.

Nazi Germany was indeed a place of organized madness, which men like Wohlbrecht in *Soul of Wood* and Bachmann in *Landscape in Concrete* epitomize. Lind's wit is lethal in pointing up the compulsions of Germans for order, duty, solid burgher comfort, hygienic cleanliness, fate and "universal cosmic unity." But if the characters and their situation are true to the demented world of the Third Reich, the trouble is that the reader never gets beyond the frozen atmosphere of Lind's landscape: "As far as the eye could see a desert of ashes under a lead-gray sky. The stillness was palpable, as colorless and bare as the walls of a monk's cell. Nothing moved in the deathly silence, nothing crawled, rustled, or murmured." This same gelid condition is especially present in Lind's grotesques. They feel neither anger nor hate nor concern for one another. Mainly they keep cool. Bachmann describes how "without batting an eyelash" he killed four people: "No, I didn't lose control of myself, I wasn't upset, I kept cool. That's the main thing." All this is in keeping with Lind's intention to underscore the inhuman in Hitler's Germany. But the unrelieved, chilling lifelessness of the novel's characters ultimately repels the reader.

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Certainly a sufficient detachment between the writer and his work is necessary to fiction, but there is an excess of distance in *Landscape in Concrete*. In a story concerned with the atrocities of Hitler's bloodletting, what is wanted is the kind of wounded outrage against totalitarian barbarism which characterizes Picasso's painting, "Guernica." Surely it is no disservice to art to approach work with the kind of anger and hate powerfully and *directly* rendered by other writers on this subject. A study of the differences involved is instructive. In *The Last of the Just*, Ernie Levy, having been assaulted and humiliated by Hitler Youth hooligans, in turn destroys scores of insects:

The swallowtail landed on a violet. Ernie Levy enveloped the flower and the insect in his still moist handkerchief, and slipping a hand

beneath it, he snatched at both things together, the butterfly and the violet, and then kneaded them between his already sticky palms. After the swallowtail came a dragonfly, a giant cricket, a beetle, a small butterfly with pearly-blue wings, other butterflies, other dragonflies, other grasshoppers. Ernie Levy ran through the meadow, arms spread wide, flapping his hands, gummy with vermin. . . .

Tadeusz Borowski's short story, "This Way for the Gas," also openly expresses anger and hate. A concentration camp prisoner is assigned to a special work detail to strip fellow prisoners of their food, valuable belongings and money, and turn the loot over to the Nazis. Despising himself for submitting to this assignment in order to save his own skin, he pathologically hates the victims he betrays:

Blood in the Recipe

BLOOD ACCUSATION: The Strange History of the Beiliss Case. By Maurice Samuel. Alfred A. Knopf. 295 pp. \$5.95.

CURT LEVIANT

Mr. Leviant is on the faculty of Hebraic Studies at Rutgers University. He is the editor and translator of the recently published Sholom Aleichem collection, Old Country Tales (Putnam).

The Beiliss case of 1911-12 involved an obscure Jewish workingman who was accused of killing a Christian boy in order to use his blood for matzoths. Engineered by the Russian Government, the trial sought to pin the blood accusation on the Jews, using Mendel Beiliss as a scapegoat. The regime's plan was that the hoped for pogrom would kill two birds with one stone: some Jews and the growing demand for liberalization in Russia. The conspirators were an unholy alliance of czar, judiciary, high officials, criminals, right-wing politicians, a student at Kiev University and the police. To round out this cross sampling of Russian society, there was also a monk, a bribed doctor and a professor emeritus. The list of characters is completed with a sentimental two-brothers touch: one, the reactionary, anti-Beiliss Minister of Interior; the other, the liberal member of Beiliss' defense team.

The trial was the grandstand culmination of a thousand-year-old myth that has serpentine through Europe and resisted all efforts at interment. Lest we be smug and think that the blood libel is safely

I am furious, furious, unreasonably furious at these people — that I must be here because of them. I don't feel any pity for them. I'm not sorry that they're going to the gas. Damn them all! I could throw myself at them with my fists.

By contrast, whatever hate for the murderous robots of Nazi Germany lies behind the writing of *Landscape in Concrete*, such emotion is insulated from the reader by the icily manipulated performance of grotesque caricatures. The novel becomes a sick-joke cartoon strip on a human disaster. In the end, Lind's novel does not bring us closer to the truth of the recent past. Moreover, coolness of presentation begets coolness of effect. The third and fourth lines of Lind's book may be read as a comment upon his method: "A landscape without faces is like air nobody breathes. A landscape in itself is nothing."

quarantined there, it should be noted that it was flirited with briefly some thirty years ago in upstate New York. When a little girl was found to be missing, local Jews were accused of killing her and using her blood for Yom Kippur. (The upstaters obviously flunked their course in Medieval Bigotry: any moderately proficient accuser should have known that for the blood libel Passover was *de rigueur*.) Fortunately, the girl returned (she had been lost in the woods) just before the onset of the holy day, and the threatened violence against the Jewish community abated.

The Leo Frank case in Atlanta, Ga., was distressingly similar to the Beiliss case: an innocent Jew accused of killing a child, a social outcast who had actually committed the crime testifying for the prosecution, trumped-up evidence and false witnesses, a politically ambitious prosecutor, and grass-roots anti-Semitism exploited by rabble-rousing editors. Leo Frank was subsequently lynched; Beiliss lived out his life (he died in 1934 in the United States) a forgotten man.

Astoundingly, belief in the old canard is not dead. In recent years it has appeared as a vociferous accusation in the backwoods of the Soviet Union, and as a quiet question on an American college campus: Was it really true, asked a sophomore, that the Jews needed blood for baking their Passover matzoths?

There is a strong temptation to see the Beiliss trial as symptomatic of the whole corrupt and dying order of pre-

OCCUPANT

Take a look at a man
who has been lived in
too long, whose windows
have stood open to flies,
have been slammed shut
against sudden storms,
whose floors have been
polished for Lent or
hidden beneath rugs
braided from his coats,
his chimney has indeed
given warmth to starlings
while brandishing
plumes of possession.

He is now for lease
but do not overlook
that he has lasted
for years even if age
is not a title nor
is his depreciation
an excuse for your
looking for a lien.

His price? Unquoted.
There is no broker.
Everything has been repaired,
subtracted and qualified,
guaranteed or marked for
obsolescence so often
that foreclosure is not
an answer and his mortgages
have served forgotten
arts and beliefs,
but you might bargain
with mind averted.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

revolutionary Russia — the Powers of Darkness aligned against the Legion of Light. Maurice Samuel has shown that it was not a case of Russia united against Beiliss, the Jew. Most of the defense lawyers were Christians. Figures from the worlds of culture, science, religion and politics in Russia condemned the blood accusation. Russian peasants and workers called strikes of protest. Even a renowned anti-Semitic editor of a leading rightist Kiev paper denounced the accusation as claptrap and felt ashamed for Russian justice.

Beiliss, then, was alone neither in Russia nor abroad, where manifestos were signed by the intelligentsia of Europe and America. But the presence of peasants on the jury and the judge's prejudicial charge made no one sure of the verdict. In the end, the trial boomeranged on its producers. At home, despite a loaded jury, Beiliss was acquitted; abroad, via worldwide press coverage, Russia was censured.

The Jews won the battle but, as life under the Soviets was to prove, lost the war. Despite the fact that the czarist regime decreed restrictive legislation against the Jews, limited their freedom of movement and residence, condoned and, at times, supported pogroms, Jewish cultural, communal and religious life thrived. Not since the golden age of Spain had so much distinguished Jewish literary activity taken place at one time in one region. Under the Soviets, there was a curious reversal. The new regime outlawed anti-Semitism. Freedom of movement for Jews (within Russia, of course) was not hampered. But spiritually and culturally, their hands were tied behind their backs. And Stalinist purges — infinitely more selective — took the place of pogroms.

A superb critic, cultural biographer and translator, Maurice Samuel — one of America's distinguished stylists — is at his best in the interpretive, polemic and analytic roles this study requires. When his material gives him elbow room, he is devastating.

On Rasputin:

Like Nicholas, this remarkable man is well remembered. He capers onto the stage like a satyr, unwashed,

illiterate, insatiably lecherous, a roisterer in public places, a lover of wine and gypsy music, crafty, patriotic after his peculiar fashion, possessed of hypnotic powers and endowed with such physical stamina that his assassins had to shoot him several times after he had swallowed, unawares, enough potassium cyanide to kill a horse: a singular illustration of the adage that what you don't know won't hurt you.

On the shambles the Minister of Justice made of the Russian judiciary:

In other branches of government [besides the courts] Russia had been going backward while Europe had been going forward. It was Shcheglovitov's determined aim to bring the judicial system into line with the other branches of the government.

Owing to its meticulousness and scope, *Blood Accusation* will no doubt be the definitive study of the Beiliss case. In addition to a résumé of the trial, the book presents the political background to the affair, character portraits of its high and low figures, and reaction to the trial in Russia and beyond. An added dimension, ironically, is given by juxtaposing comments on the trial with excerpts from the post-revolutionary commission that investigated Beiliss' investigators.

a group of his companions by plucking out, one by one, the hairs from an old Jew's beard, I shivered with dread and compassion.

Such moments—so mild compared to the later humiliations and tortures suffered by millions—made a deeper impression on me than the prolonged accounts of scientifically organized savagery recorded in *The Investigation*, which is Peter Weiss's verbatim arrangement of the testimony presented at the trial held in Frankfurt from January, 1964, to August, 1965.

What I failed to understand before the war but have recently begun to understand is how it could be that so many presumably intelligent and informed people remained unperturbed by the threat which Hitler and his like represented. I remember a party given in London shortly before Munich at which I strongly voiced the need for a common front against the Nazis. A well-known English actress turned to me and said coolly, "You think that because Hitler is bent on destroying *your* people." I have since wondered what that lady was thinking soon after when the bombs fell on "her people"!

This trifling incident made painfully clear to me how obtuse and callous people can be, while a library of documents and statistics may induce little more than a state of inanition in us (or me). I am reminded of the character of the chaplain Stogumber in Shaw's *Saint Joan*. He will listen to no extenuating considerations on Joan's behalf: he incessantly demands that she be burned. But when he sees her burn he cries out in agony, indeed goes mad with guilt. We need some measure of personal contact to comprehend the reality of things outside the usual orbit of our experience. A work of art may

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Toward the close of *The Investigation* (at the Ambassador Theatre) the main "speaker" pronounces the most ideologically cogent words of the evening. Referring to the mass murders and brutalities that took place at Auschwitz, he says: "Since such a great number of us came into the camp and since the number of those who brought us there was also great, you would think what happened there would still be comprehensible today." In other words, you the torturers or the bystanders are very much like us the victims, and we the victims are as you are: therefore we should all understand one another and be understood.

But there's the rub: we don't fully understand. And for two reasons. When another witness for the prosecution tells of a 9-year-old boy in the camp who, on being complimented by one of the camp's personnel for being "smart," answers "yes, I know a lot, but I don't think I'm going to learn any more"; and then steps into the train which is to carry him to the gas chambers, bidding farewell to the authorities with "you will never be forgiven," we are moved—or, more exactly, I am moved.

I am moved because the incident is not

only singular but "modest." The vastness and impersonality in the trial of twenty-one persons who participated in the destruction of 4 million prisoners at the German concentration camp of Auschwitz, as we read about it and more emphatically as it is enacted on the stage, tends to anesthetize our sensibilities and thus our comprehension.

I felt the horror of Nazism in 1933 when first I heard of the burning of the books. Certainly such an action is in no way comparable to the gasing of thousands of people. But the literary holocaust inspired me with a sense of the terrible iniquity of the Nazi spirit. When immediately after Hitler's advent to power the composer Roger Sessions, who had spent a winter in Germany in 1932, told me he knew the kind of thing the Nazis were capable of when he had read a letter Hitler had sent some of his cohorts praising them for having kicked a Communist to death somewhere in a provincial town, I strongly felt the imminence of doom that was to befall Germany and Europe. When much later I saw a photograph in *P.M.* (the liberal daily of the forties) of a storm trooper in a Berlin street amusing himself and

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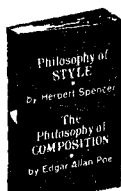
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supply such contact; *The Investigation* is not art.

Still it probably functions as a shattering event where it is presented to an audience which in one way or another has been intimately involved with its horizon: in Germany, Poland, Russia or France, in brief, with people who have been brought into close confrontation with it. On Broadway, though we should not categorically set its audience down as unfeeling, *The Investigation* may prove a "shocker" but not a truly meaningful occasion. It will not get under the audience's skin, it will not "teach them a lesson."

It is in the nature of most of us to retreat from the face of evil and avoid the sight or even the recollection of torment. (This, to a degree, may be a boon.) Art, I repeat, may provide the bridge be-

tween the tragic and terrible aspects of existence and our frightened consciousness, but *The Investigation* on our stage is now simply a fever chart—impersonal by its very elaboration.

Yet I cannot leave it at that. Since *The Investigation* is not in the accepted sense a "play," I must approach it in its own terms—beyond the theatre. The very day I saw it, a nice American, a person whom most of us would describe as "a man of good will," one furthermore who saw and was appalled by the concentration camps, was quoted as saying that he would not automatically preclude anything, including the use of nuclear weapons, to end the war in Vietnam. "When you appeal to force," he added, "to carry out the policies of America abroad, there is no court above you." Perhaps it hasn't occurred to the gentleman or to those who

may agree with him that if nuclear war succeeded in wiping out the enemy in Vietnam it would at the same time eliminate most of our friends as well. No wonder there are folk who could not recognize the menace of the Nazi state of mind, or who now try to ignore what happened, or yet again fail to see in it the parallel with other times, places and people!

It is so very difficult for us to learn anything important from hearsay or history: we must first learn to see. There is wisdom in the French use of the word *bête* to mean both "beast" and "stupid." Our bestiality does not arise so much from vindictiveness or wickedness as from stupidity. It is a trait universally shared. It takes enormous effort on our part to turn the "beasts" we are into human beings.

A final word about Peter Weiss's text itself. Apart from the details of ferocious cruelty it presents, certain of its elements are unparticularized. When one of the Nazi hirelings speaks of how "they had to be rooted out," we do not know whom "they" refers to, except to the victims in general. There is no mention of pacifists, Socialists, Communists or Jews. It is a fact that the Auschwitz camp was chiefly an instrument in the "final solution"—the extermination of Jews as such. But Weiss has said he wished to de-emphasize this aspect of the situation, since the Jews, being people like all others, might in certain circumstances behave as murderously to others as their persecutors had done to them. Without arguing the speciousness of this reasoning, it must be plain that, so interpreted, *The Investigation* should strike an audience as more nihilistic than *Marat/Sade*.

The point here is not made for its own sake alone but for the light it sheds on a major defect in the proceedings: Weiss intended to make his documentary as factual as possible but it ends by seeming abstract. It is not the abstraction of art. On the contrary, it neutralizes the effect of the performance.

That is why I can say very little about the production. Many of the "faces" are well chosen. The text is well spoken. The style shifts from reportorial reading to one of suggested emotion and then again to straight "acting" or illustration. We are neither in a real courtroom of real people nor within an original and self-justifying stage form.

The great Russian director Meyerhold was severely brought to task when he chose to produce *The Lady of the Camellias* in Moscow in 1934. It was a decadent play, so went the complaint, and hardly literature. Meyerhold de-

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SOCIETY COLUMN

At this party I picked the wrong name, and one of the disputed colors. Two of the talking machines programmed for attack, attacked; and I began to accumulate a burden of subliminal illogic. In a corner one of the real people held my arm, weeping a drug I had never known. The tray of aphrodisiacs and CIA miniature receivers in campaign buttons came by. Meanwhile, my voice and appearance had incensed a fine-looking couple, who followed and detested me, but for reasons I could do nothing about. Near the buffet a woman leaned her head on my shoulder and left powder and scent, the kind that never goes away. At the door someone's daughter offered me her hand, curtsied in her first high heels, and said, "Goodby. I am so old you will probably never see me again."

WILLIAM STAFFORD

fended himself by saying that though the play was old-fashioned in workmanship and writing, it still contained values in its indirect criticism of the old bourgeoisie.

Seeing the revival of George Kaufman and Edna Ferber's *Dinner at Eight* at the Alvin Theatre, I fancied that Tyrone Guthrie thought of this play of the early thirties as a sort of American restoration comedy, frivolous in manner, satiric in content: a kind of classic. Despite my abiding skepticism in the matter, his production almost persuades me that he may have been right.

The people invited to a swank dinner party are all shallow and innocent. They are a shallow lot, in the first place, because the play is; they are innocent because Guthrie has made them so. Oliver Jordan, the reluctant and ailing host, is the owner of a respected shipping line verging on bankruptcy; his wife Millicent is a featherbrained "society lady." (Was there really any "society" in America in those days? There is none now.) The Jordans hardly seem to have any blood kinship with their daughter. The guests of honor (who never show up) are an English lord and lady whom the Jordans barely know. Invited to the dinner too is Jordan's doctor, an indifferent rake who is having a casual affair with a floosie, formerly a night-club hat check girl, now married to a vulgar and crooked operator out of Montana, a man who in the course of the play cheats his host out of his business. The Jordan girl is having a do with a silent movie star on the skids; he commits suicide because, besides harsher humiliations, he hasn't

enough money to pay for a taxi to take him to the party. Among those invited, there is also an actress past her prime (more "personality" than artist) now comfortably retired, though worried as she is no longer able to elicit favors in jewels or furs from ardent admirers. The chauffeur and butler in the Jordan kitchen fight with lethal utensils over the maid.

Not a nice group. Did the play offend anyone by its "realism" or nastiness when first produced in 1932? Not at all: no one believed any of it. It was entertainment. There were good parts (several of them memorably played), fashionable gowns, and a blazing blonde snuggled in a sumptuous bed.

Some such things might also be said of restoration comedy. It is vicious but artificial enough to pass as fun. What keeps it alive is the brilliance of its writing, its wicked wit. What probably made Guthrie believe in *Dinner at Eight* is its clever construction and box-office shrewdness. But beyond that I suspect he felt that the wealthy middle class is very much now as it was thirty-five years ago—not corrupt so much as silly. If the play were more literate, its people more than the sketchiest of stage effigies, he might have a point. To convince us that the play exists as a play Guthrie felt he could rely on his immense gifts as a director.

There are some delightful bits of business. For example, when the floosie is berated and very nearly beaten by her crude keeper, she consoles herself by cuddling a teddy bear. In fear of actual fisticuffs, Guthrie has the girl cower in her clothes closet among the silks and

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satins. When Mrs. Jordan is informed that the lobster aspic is not to be served at dinner (it was destroyed in the battle between the chauffeur and butler) she cries out in tones of Attic tragedy, "No aspic for dinner!" And the whole fracas of conflicting thematic chords at the curtain of the second act is hilarious. The final scene of the play too in which the hosts and all the guests hover in the drawing room before dinner is conducted like a *Pavane*, each couple adding another note of dignified dissonance to the grand exit to the feast which of course is a total bust.

Why despite these assets does the show work to a limited degree only? For two reasons: Guthrie shapes the scenes and external characterizations with skill and imagination, but does not cast the parts with a sufficiently sharp sense of type and does not help those he has cast with anything beyond their movements and byplay. Like most English directors he leaves the basic acting problems to the cast itself.

Many of the players, whatever their age, seem too young for their parts. This in a way is a social phenomenon. Ameri-

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NIGHT IN THE FOREST

1

*A woman
sleeps next to me on the earth. A strand
of black hair flows
out of her cocoon sleeping-bag,
touching the earth hesitantly, as if thinking
to take root.*

2

*A mountain-stream
and the blood wind
down their ancient labyrinths. And
a few feet away
charred stick-ends surround
a heap of ashes, where burnt-out, vanished
flames
absently waver, absently leap.*

GALWAY KINNELL

cans of 40 in bygone days looked like people with forty years of life experience. Many of the present cast somehow strike one as kids. If the play were done by kids (at a regional or university theatre, let us say), the show might come closer to Guthrie's conception of it as a perhaps meaningful frolic. If the actors seemed more mature, if there were greater type verisimilitude in the casting, the play's satiric potential might be realized.

Guthrie is a man without malice, so the play has no sting; and for gay sport the actors are not free or extravagant enough. Most of them, working loyally and intelligently, are suspended between the two possibilities of satire or spoof.

Exception should be made for Blanche Yurka as the Jordan cook and for Daniel Keyes in a bit part as a justifiably irascible square. Pamela Tiffin is luscious and comes off well because her youth and softness (she is not the 29-year-old toughie of the script) give the role wistfulness (she curtsies every time she meets a guest at the dinner party), a quality which seems to correspond to Guthrie's sense of the play. If this is so, I conclude that he has not succeeded in finding a clearly marked style to serve his interpretation or his enthusiasm.

Off-Broadway organizations are beginning to get the idea: it is well worth while, it may even prove a pleasure, to see "old" American plays. Of course most of them will be "dated," but may that not be part of their charm? Why is a play which smacks of its period necessarily dull? A person who speaks of himself as "a man of the sixties" makes me think: "In that case in 1970 you will be ten years old." No wonder we have so much difficulty in growing up.

Now that the Wilder one-actors have

attracted an audience numerous enough to warrant moving them to the Orpheum Theatre on Second Avenue, the City Center has initiated an American Playwrights Series with *The Country Girl* by Clifford Odets. The weakness of the series (but no reason for scorning it) is that the plays may be insufficiently rehearsed—although Stanislavsky once said: "If you haven't time enough to rehearse a play for as long as it should be rehearsed, two weeks will do."

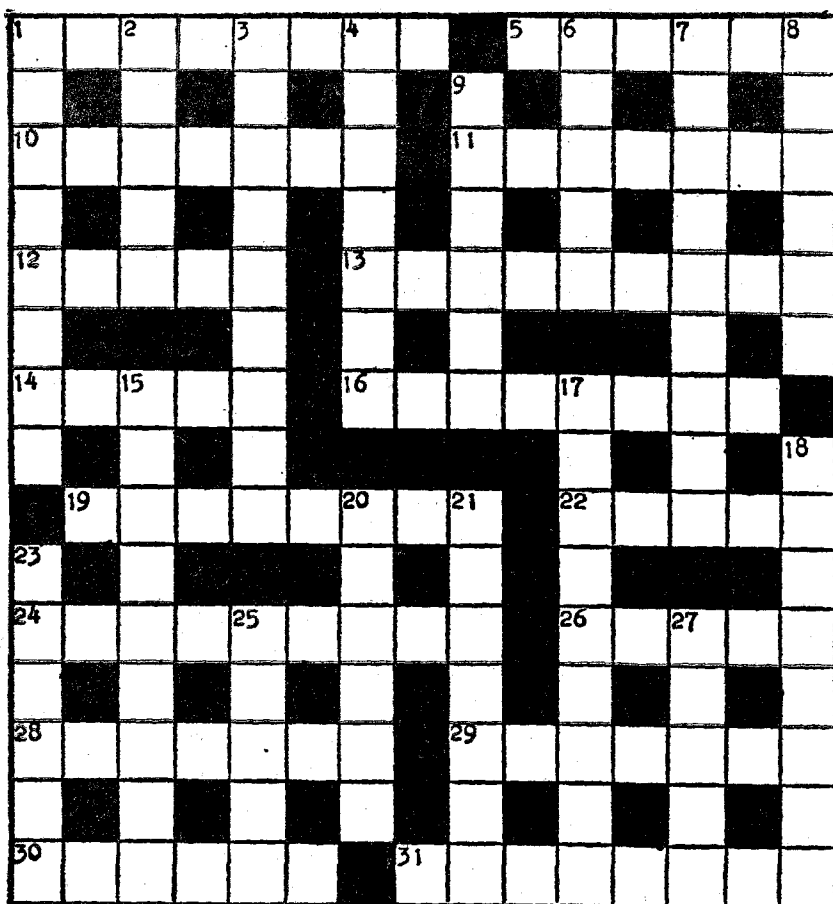
The Country Girl is the thinnest of Odets' plays. (Is it too cynical to say that that is one cause for its having been more successful than several other of his better plays?) It is straightforward, clear and effective on a simple level. It is warmed by the subjective heat of Odets' desire to explain certain of his own personal flaws and to confess his need for the help of a patient and trusting woman, as well as for the aid of an artistically and humanly loyal companion in the theatre. It is above all a play which demands superb acting.

While Uta Hagen was excellent in the original (1951) production, Paul Kelly was not up to the central part. Michael Redgrave, on reliable report, played it magnificently in London where the play was a solid hit. Franchot Tone was scheduled to play the role at City Center and began rehearsing it when he fell ill. My guess is that he would have been very fine.

Joseph Anthony stepped in. He plays the failing old actor well but it is not "his" part. He makes sense but not pathos. What the part calls for is an aura of grandeur. As the actor's wife, Jennifer Jones comports herself nicely rather than impressively. Rip Torn as the director who works with fierce devotion to restore the actor's confidence and powers is most fittingly cast. I was glad to see the play again.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1171

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 This soup's ads aren't very substantial, even when blown up. (8)
- 5 and 29 Play with what Pooh liked? (1, 5, 2, 5)
- 10 Dying, it seems, should be a stately condition. (7)
- 11 A hint to keep out a soldier? (7)
- 12 The color of the poet's last bloomers? (5)
- 13 This fared rather badly, as divers usually go. (4-5)
- 14 Don't let the sound of the timekeepers get under your skin! (5)
- 16 Did a real turn for the head of state at one time. (8)
- 19 The headgear's shade just about tops everything! (8)
- 22 Should this make a light beam? (5)
- 24 Sam Weller should have been! (9)
- 26 Count ill-favored, but up to now contained. (5)
- 28 The cheese is soft and the pudding is plain! (7)
- 29 See 5 across
- 30 Potentially deadly part of your tennis technique? (6)
- 31 Chief country where Kipling's fire sinks? (8)

DOWN:

- 1 If the lady is to change make-up, expect an appearance in society. (8)
- 2 Hamlet's man was like one in action. (5)

- 3 Fit with such things as might be objective, for example—but their habits might be yours. (9)
- 4 Water with the hose? Not when this! (3-4)
- 6 A possible title for all takers. (5)
- 7 Where one goes up and down and round and round. (9)
- 8 Turns inside out. (6)
- 9 Grace doesn't exemplify such a position. (6)
- 15 Part of a letter? (9)
- 17 Marched out into the open. (9)
- 18 Talked of peace, perhaps where the wild deer play. (8)
- 20 A paladin to exist in alternative surroundings. (6)
- 21 Certain items of value might be dependent on it. (7)
- 23 Jars of grain? (6)
- 25 A course followed? College men might go out for it. (5)
- 27 Friendly when proper, otherwise light and moving. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1170

ACROSS: 8 Procrastination; 9 Swatch; 10 Wardrobe; 11 Ends; 13 Unredeemed; 15 Dadaism; 16 Banners; 19 Scorecards; 21 Soon; 22 Cupboard; 24 Rancho; 26 Stand on ceremony. DOWN: 1 Drawing accounts; 2 Scot; 3 Bathtubs; 4 Steward; 5 Snored; 6 Stir; 7 Double or nothing; 12 Stair; 14 Ernes; 17 Assurers; 18 Predict; 20 Crayon; 23 Bond; 25 Nome.

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